



PRAGUE'S SPEECHES



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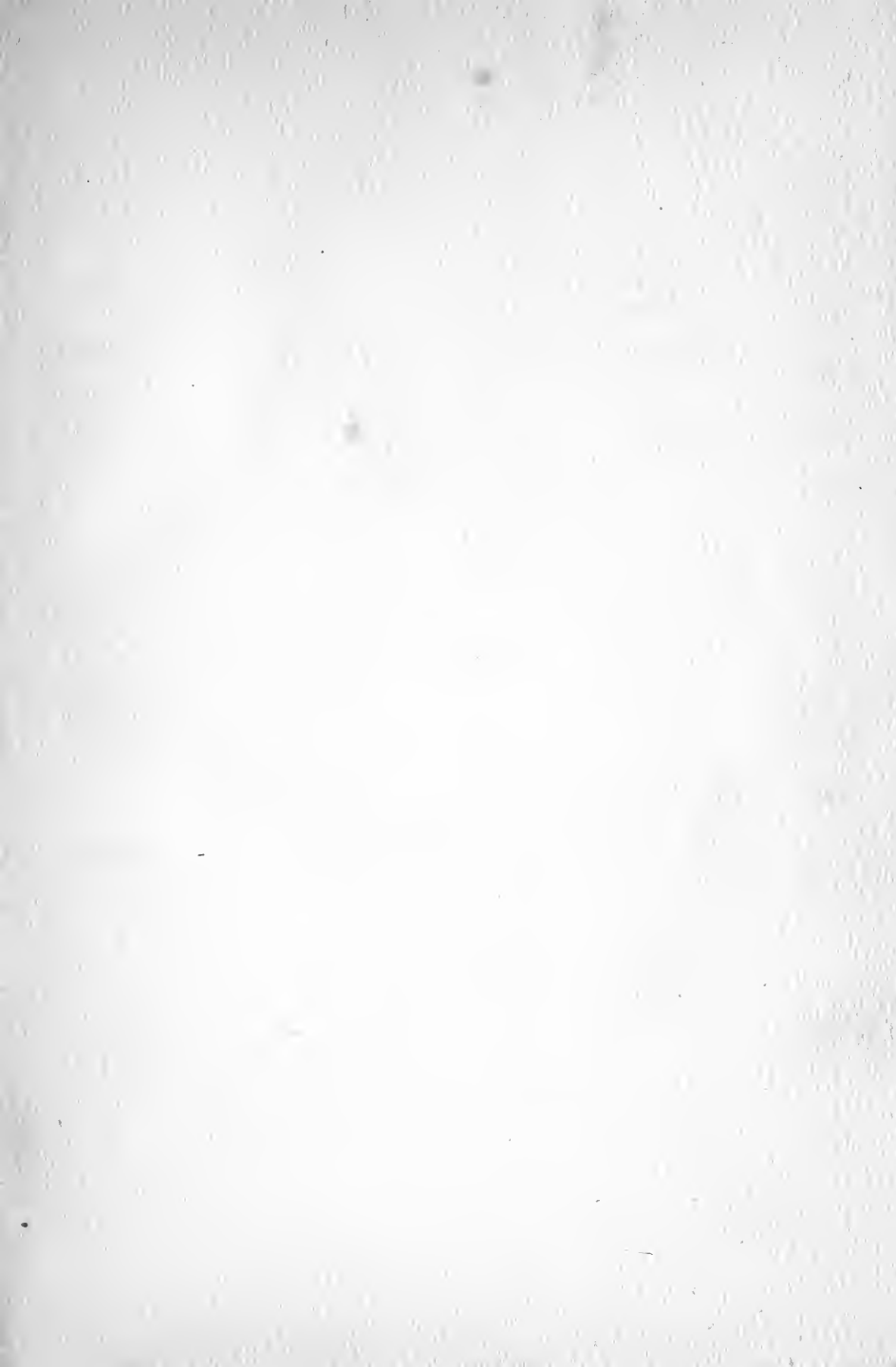
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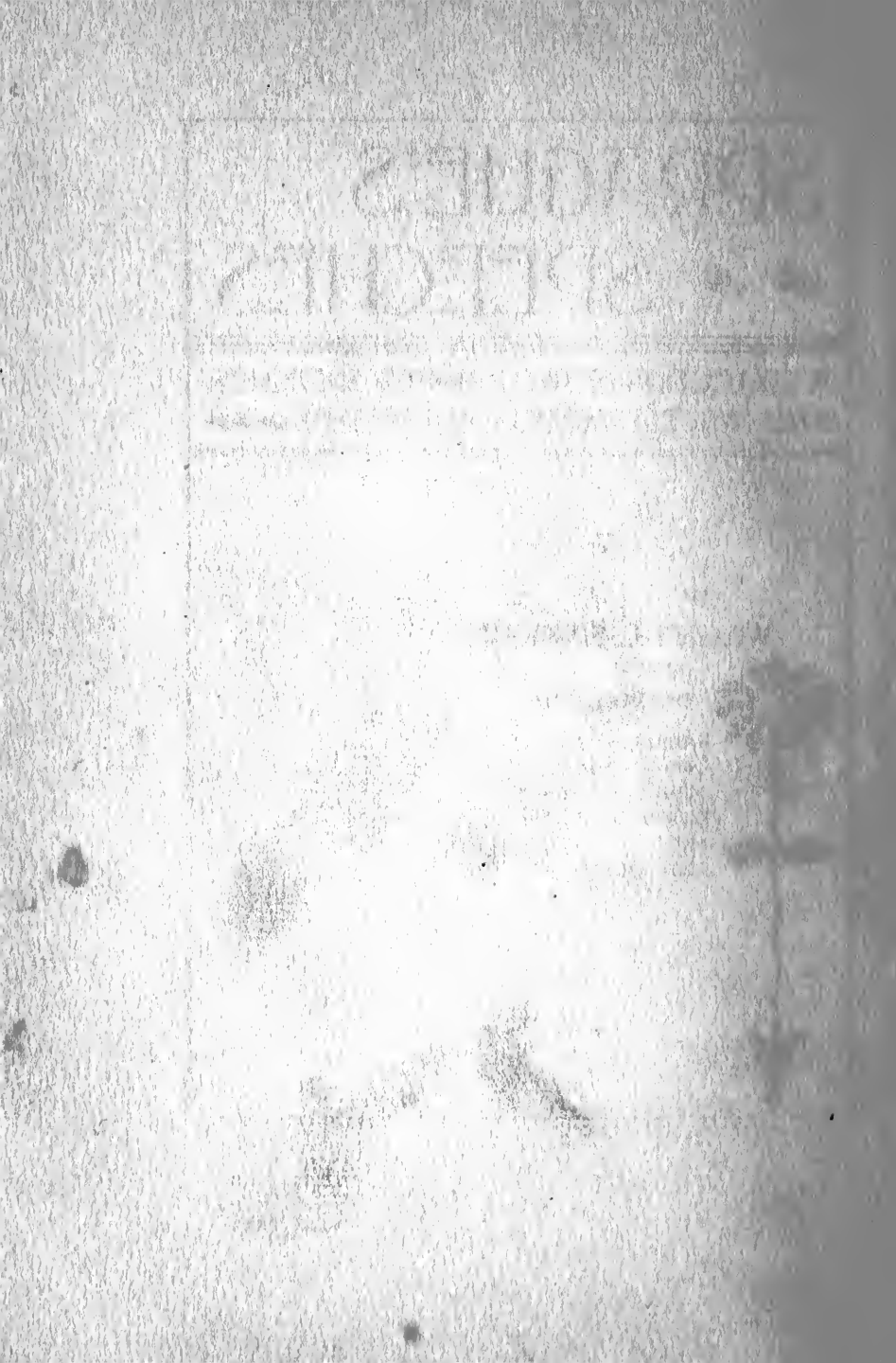
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SPRAGUE'S SPEECHES

A COLLECTION OF AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES,
AND MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESSES   

BY

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE

OF THE
DETROIT BAR

PRESIDENT OF
THE SPRAGUE
CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOLS OF LAW
AND
JOURNALISM.



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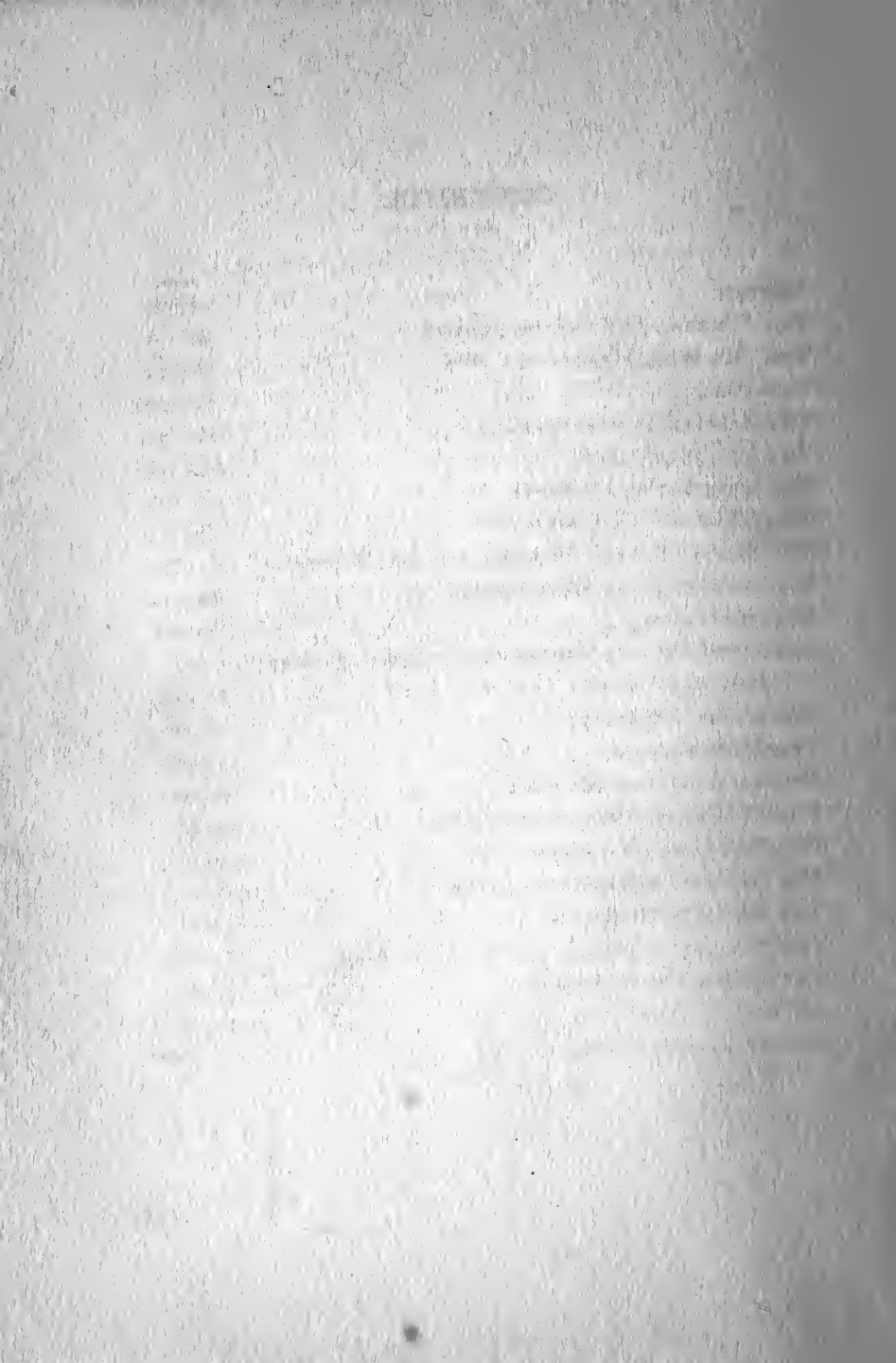
1898.

PREFACE.

Some of my friends have in unguarded moments told me that they liked my speeches. Encouraged by these expressions, and actuated by a commercial spirit, I venture to put in book form some of the children of my brain that, having once been born and received a name and some little attention from admiring friends, have served no further purpose than to fill dusty pigeonholes in my desk and lumber up nooks and corners of my home and my office, which should be reserved for better things.

Some little experience in marketing books among young men has shown me that there is a demand for every-day speeches, on every-day topics, made by every-day men. Speeches by Pitt, Curran, Webster, Calhoun, Phillips, Beecher, and other men of like caliber, will continue to be a staple in the market for many generations to come; but the speeches of these giants of the rostrum and forum are a little "too much" for the average young man who wants some suggestions and inspiration in the direction of speech-making. Speeches by Hezekiah Smithers, of Podunk, Ky., will sell well along side of the great speeches of Daniel Webster, because Smithers has a way of saying things that can be to a certain degree imitated with profit by the common, average man. It is in the belief, somewhat presumptuous perhaps on my part, that I am something of a Smithers myself, that I offer this book to the public.

These speeches have not had the stamp of approval put upon them by professors of rhetoric, or schools of oratory;



CONTENTS.

	PAGES.
PREFACE, - - - - -	iii-iv
THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER, - - -	1- 5
THE OLD WORLD VISITS THE NEW, - - -	6- 12
FAREWELL, - - - - -	13- 17
THE DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY, - - -	18- 31
THE UNKNOWN LAND, - - - - -	32- 43
THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE, - - - - -	44- 46
WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO? - - -	47- 53
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND HIS PROBLEMS,	54- 65
MASONRY, AND THE YEAR BEFORE US, -	66- 76
BETA BACHELORS, - - - - -	77- 86
DOES THE CHURCH SHRINK FROM CONTACT WITH PRACTICAL LIFE, - - - - -	87- 95
NEWSPAPER ETIQUETTE, - - - - -	96-103
THE DEAD DEBTOR, - - - - -	104-105
AROUND OUR CHAPTER FIRE, - - - - -	106-108
FOUR YEARS AND MORE HAVE GONE, - - -	109-111
OUR FRIENDS,—THE ENEMY, - - - - -	112-119
THE LAW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER, - - -	120-146
THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES, - - - - -	147-151
THE STEPS THAT LED UP TO MAGNA CHARTA, -	152-168
THE MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION, - - - - -	169-173
ADDRESS TO NEWSBOYS, - - - - -	174-182
PRESENTATION SPEECH, - - - - -	183-188

THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.

It was a stormy day,—if I remember rightly—the day on which Charles Sumner died. The day opens as other days at the national capitol, but closes as few others do ; a day of bustling activity succeeds ; the streets, as on other days, are filled with restless, hurrying throngs ; and at noon the two flags wave over the wings of the capitol, proclaiming that laws are making and unmaking. Thus far and until the middle of the afternoon this day is like other days at Washington.

The hour of three draws nigh, the sun goes down behind the great white dome of the capitol with its lengthening shadows, and a solemn silence falls like a mantle over the city,—a silence broken by the first startling intelligence from the shrill voice of the newsboy as he speeds from one to another with the blackly leaded sheet. The wheels of government stop ; the massive doors of the departments close ; men descend the steps of the capitol ; death has entered the gates of the city ; and the proud capital trembles to its very center. The cannon's peel announces the setting of the sun and darkness settles over a mourning city,—a darkness that with lightning speed spreads from ocean to ocean. Such is the day on which Sumner dies. To-day, Sumner dies ; to-morrow wears its weary length away, and, the next, the nation pays tribute to its illustrious dead. Rain in fitful torrents splashes upon the house-tops and the paved streets, but the great national heart is beating with a

greater tumult within. Despite the rain, men, women and children press eagerly toward the capitol, for within its walls can be seen for the last time the remains of him they mourn. Upon a bier in the center of the rotunda, amid wreaths and crosses of flowers, he lies, while on either side stand with bowed heads the members of the two branches of Congress. Moments of great solemnity follow, then the great bronze doors are thrown open to the waiting throngs. One by one these men, his comrades for years, step forward to look for the last time into the face of their fallen brother. This farewell taken, the signal is given and the great doors of the rotunda are thrown open to the multitudes that file in from the west, move slowly by the bier and out to the east. Heartfelt sorrow, not mere idle curiosity, is plainly written upon the faces of this vast army of people. I believe no man, not excepting Garfield, and I had almost said Lincoln himself, possessed the love of the common masses of this country as did Charles Sumner. Heartfelt sorrow, not mere awe felt in the presence of death, causes this profound silence, broken only by suppressed weeping. I see strong men brush away the tears as they gaze for the last time upon this silent face; and, most impressive of all, aged negroes cling to the coffin and refuse to be led away, while others, sobbing aloud, lift their children in their arms that they may see the great and good man who did so much for their race. Slowly, very slowly, the sad procession passes through. Hours go and come and still the crowd surges on, until the doors are closed and thousands return disappointed to their homes. Two by two the Senators resume

their places in the Senate, accompanied by the representatives, who enter and take seats assigned them. A moment elapses and there enter the Chief Justice of the United States and his associates, in their solemn robes of office, followed in perfect silence by the President of the United States and his cabinet, who, walking slowly down the broad center aisle, take seats assigned them at the very front. Following comes the old world, represented by the diplomatic corps,—representatives from every civilized nation upon the face of the globe, in their robes of office, to do honor to the dead statesman who for so many years was chairman of the committee on foreign relations, and had moulded the policy of our government towards their own. Then come the chief officers of the army, navy and marine corps; and then the Massachusetts delegation in Congress. A moment of awful stillness follows, and Charles Sumner is once more in the Senate, borne on the shoulders of eight stalwart representatives of the race he has befriended, and escorted by the pallbearers appointed by the Senate. Tenderly they place the coffin on the spot assigned it, and the vast concourse in the galleries and on the floor, as silent as death itself, listen with bated breath while the chaplain of the house, the Rev. Mr. Butler, leads the nation here assembled in solemn prayer. His reading is from 1st Cor. 15:20-28. His prayer begins: Great God, we bow reverently in Thy presence. Thou hast done it; teach us wisdom as we walk among the graves. Bless the millions who gather tenderly around this coffin to-day. Bless our own great land, and give unto us records of truth and righteousness. We ask this in the name

and for the sake of Him who has taught us to say,—(and closing with the Lord's prayer). Following the prayer, the Rev. Byron Sunderland reads the 39th Psalm, verses 5 to 13, and Psalm 90, and offers one of the most solemn and impressive petitions that, perhaps, the lips of man have ever uttered, and closing with the beautiful expression, "O God, the God of our Fathers, bless this nation and all the nations; bless us and all men together and, when we come to die, open Thou for us the portals of eternity and crown every soul with a pure and blessed and a glorious immortality." The prayer ended, the President pro tem, Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin, rises in his place and says, "The service to be performed by the committee of arrangements having been terminated, the Senate of the United States entrusts the mortal remains of Charles Sumner to its sergeant-at-arms and a committee appointed by it, charged with the melancholy duty of conveying them to his home, there to be committed, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the soil of Massachusetts. Peace to his ashes."

What a scene! Here were assembled the governors of this mighty republic; here were assembled in their black robes the members of that august tribunal which wields jurisdiction over forty-six States and Territories; here, too, came the chief magistrate of the nation, with his cabinet of counselors, and lastly, side by side sat the ambassadors of the great powers of the earth, in their robes of office. All these were here, hushed and sad, while lying low in his coffin, all insensible to the imposing pageant, and about to

be committed earth to earth, dust to dust, was one of the greatest of them all, who for twenty-two years had been a living power, influencing in, perhaps, a larger degree than any other the opinions of men. A nation, indeed, at the funeral of its greatest statesman! Where a brush that can adequately paint that scene! Where a pen to write what the brush can ne'er portray!

Such is the scene I gazed upon, with scarcely the comprehension to grasp it; and yet I could but feel that in the great sorrow and loss of all I had some little part; for I had come to look upon Charles Sumner as my ideal.

The voice of Massachusetts is heard claiming her dead Senator, and he is borne from the Senate chamber. Down the avenue through a driving rain, slowly moves the funeral cortege, while the chimes of the city toll the funeral march.

Charles Sumner's wisdom had given him a high place in the national regard. His purity of character and motive had gained him the respect and esteem of his associates; and his mighty efforts for humanity had given him world-wide fame and had endeared him to all mankind. No wonder that our country mourned his death! No wonder that all Europe bowed her head in reverential grief!

THE OLD WORLD VISITS THE NEW.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VISIT OF A JAPANESE EMBASSY TO THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Of the many interesting events that come crowding upon my memory, as I think of my boyhood days spent in Washington, few come to me with more vividness, perhaps, than that of the visit of the Japanese Embassy to the House of Representatives in March, 1872. On the 28th day of February, 1872, there appeared in Washington one of the most distinguished embassys that has ever come to this country. It came from a nation theretofore the most exclusive and most averse to diplomatic relations of any on the face of the globe,—Japan. Indeed, it was, without exception, the most important embassy that had ever left that country,—and, indeed, any eastern country; not only important on account of its mission and object, but because of the dignity and high rank of the members composing it. Its object was to obtain information as to political, industrial and social affairs in this country, and to gain instruction as to the renewal of existing treaties. The embassy was received by both houses of Congress in a manner befitting the character of the embassy itself and the importance of its mission. The ambassadors were twenty-one in number, accompanied by a large retinue, the half of them being ladies of high birth. The chief ambassador was Iwakura, so titled as being the person always in attendance upon the Emperor. With him came three vice-ambassadors, and other minor

officials—the chief officers of the eight different departments of the Japanese nation. It was indeed as if our cabinet and Supreme Court were in a body to pay an extended visit to London to obtain information with which to fashion our policy and run our government. The appearance of this distinguished embassy upon the floor of the house, for the purpose of paying its respects to the American Congress, was indeed a remarkable event. It was the oldest nation acknowledging its debt to the youngest. My extreme youth made it impossible for me to realize the full meaning of this event, but enough was said and done to stamp the scene indelibly upon my memory.

The day's session has begun, and the floor of Congress presents the usual busy scene, with nothing to indicate the approach of an unusual event. The first indication is music from a band. If there is any remarkable political event that has occurred in this country without the assistance of a brass band, I have yet to hear of it; and if there was ever an American small boy that could hear the music of a brass band above the din of Congress and through the thick walls of the capitol itself, I was that boy. In a few moments there appears in the main aisle of the house a messenger, who, being recognized by Speaker Blaine, announces the presence in waiting of the Senate of the United States. Mr. Blaine at once rises and raps with his gavel; the members rise and stand in their places, while the Senators, two by two, led by their presiding officer, file in and take seats or stand about in the aisles, as convenience dictates. Mr. Blaine invites to his side the President of the Senate, who,

at that time, I think, was Senator David Davis. A rap of the speaker's gavel and the assembly is again seated. A few moments of waiting and another messenger appears, this time to announce the approach of the Prime Minister of Japan and his suite. Again the gavel descends and the American Congress stands in expectant interest.

The galleries are by this time full to overflowing, and the cloak rooms and ante-rooms of the house are emptied of their accustomed loungers. There is a deep silence, as always in a great assembly at the climax of interest; then appears at the main door, opposite the Speaker's desk, the Chief Ambassador, leaning upon the arm of our Secretary of State and followed by the other ambassadors, each supported by a distinguished American. The Japanese, dressed in their Oriental robes of office, their chief carrying in his hand a roll of parchment, present the appearance of highly cultured and intellectual Orientals. Passing down the broad central aisle and reaching the arena in front of Mr. Blaine, the procession parts and forms a circle facing him. Nathaniel P. Banks, on behalf of the committee appointed to receive the embassy, addressing the Speaker, says :

"Mr. Speaker, the committee of the House assigned to that duty, in accordance with its instructions, has now the honor to present to you and the House his Excellency, Mr. Iwakura, their Excellencies Mr. Kido, Mr. Okubo, and Mr. Ito, the Ambassador-in-chief and the Assistant Ambassadors of the Government of Japan; the honorable secretaries of the embassy, and the honorable commissioners of

the principal departments of the Government of Japan, with their attaches."

Mr. Blaine rises, and addressing the visitors, says :

"Your Excellencies, on behalf of the House of Representatives I welcome your imperial embassy to this hall. The reception which is thus extended to you so unanimously and so cordially by the members of this body is significant of the interest which our whole people feel in the rapidly developing relations between the Japanese empire and the American Republic.

"The course of migration for the human race has for many centuries been steadily westward, a course always marked by conquest, and too often by rapine. Reaching the boundary of our continent, we encounter a returning tide from your country, setting eastward, seeking, not the trophies of war, but the more shining victories of peace; and these two currents of population appropriately meet and mingle on the shores of the great Pacific sea.

"It will be my pleasure to present to your Excellencies, personally, the representatives of the people, and for them, as well as for myself, to assure you that during your stay at our capital you will at all times be welcome to the privileges and the courtesies of this floor."

At no time during the many months that Mr. Blaine was before my eyes did my boyish admiration of him become greater than here and now, as he stands tall and commanding,—an ideal American in form, figure, and speech, delivering a most fitting and graceful address of welcome on behalf of the American people and of Congress. The

climax of interest comes with the response from the Chief Ambassador. To me it seems very funny, and I am not sure but a good many old and dignified Senators laugh in their sleeves as this high and mighty official, with voice pitched to a high G, sings off his response. Yet with all its funny sound there is something in it, and in the circumstances under which it is spoken, that makes it very impressive. Would that I could repeat it to you as I heard it then, and can almost hear it now in imagination. I cannot even imitate the pitch of tone, and much less the wave-like movement of sound; not a syllable of it do I remember, but the impression of it will never pass away. It was indeed a voice out of the past, an unknown, mysterious, weird sound. Immediately upon its close, with a great salam reaching nearly to the floor, the entire delegation makes its bow, responded to by Mr. Blaine with a courteous and dignified dropping of the head. Then the interpreter takes up the speech of the Oriental prince and translates it; and a more dainty and delightful piece of declamation I have never heard. I have gone to a good deal of trouble to find it, and I will repeat it for you: "Mr. Speaker and honorable members of the House of Representatives of the United States of America:—On behalf of the Ambassadors of Japan, our sovereign, and the people whom we represent, we tender to you our sincere thanks and warmest friendship. We fully appreciate the distinguished honor which places us face to face in the presence of that mighty Power which rules the great American Republic. Governments are strong when built upon the hearts of an enlightened people. We come

for enlightenment, and we gladly find it here. Journeying eastward from the empire of sunrise toward the sunrising, we daily behold a new sunrise beyond the one we before enjoyed; new knowledge rises daily before us; and when the completed journey shall have passed in review an encircled globe, we shall gather together our treasures of knowledge, remembering that, however we have advanced toward the sources of light, each onward move has revealed to us a further step beyond. The government of Japan already appreciates the value of an enlightened policy toward itself and all nations. And our united assurances on our return will confirm to the people at large the friendliness of feeling so frequently expressed heretofore, and now so generously exhibited to this embassy. In the future an extended commerce will unite our national interests in a thousand forms as drops of water will commingle, flowing from our several rivers to that common ocean that divides our countries. Let us express the hope that our national friendship may be as difficult to sunder or estrange, as to divide the once blended drops comprising our common Pacific ocean."

How is that for an example of terseness and beauty of expression? I fear an American, on such an occasion, would have said more; no, not said more, but tried to say more, and would have succeeded in saying less. Speech-making ended, the Speaker of the House and President of the Senate descend from their places and are presented to the embassy; then Senators and Representatives, and at least one small boy, by virtue of ample paternal coat-tails,

each in turn shakes the hand in good American style of the almond-eyed visitors. This ceremony over, the embassy retires as it came, followed by the Senate, and the House resumes its routine labor as if there has not just occurred one of the most significant events of the century. General Garfield, who was then a Congressman, proposed, and Congress granted, an appropriation of \$50,000 to defray the expense of entertaining this distinguished embassy. I think no one will charge this expenditure to the wastefulness of governmental legislation.

FAREWELL.

*CLOSING TOAST AT THE 1897 BANQUET OF THE
COMMERCIAL LAW LEAGUE OF AMERICA
AT PUT-IN-BAY, OHIO, July 30, 1897.*

Mr. Toastmaster and friends, I am not going to inflict upon you an after-dinner speech. My main purpose is to read you a poem,— not one of my own composition, however, but one that has been sent in to us by a member of the League who was unable to be present at this meeting, and who, desiring to contribute something to the success of this affair, has sent a few verses which you will agree with me are very appropriate.

But before reading these lines to you, allow me to say a few words which are in the nature of words of parting. This is the third convention of the Commercial Law League of America, and I am more than ever of the opinion that the third time is the charm. I rejoice in the fact that in point of the character of the men who have attended this convention, in the point of the wit and beauty of the ladies who have attended this convention, in the point of the harmony and good feeling, and in the point of the dignity of its proceedings, this convention is head and shoulders above anything that the Commercial Law League of America has yet achieved. This League was born under a lucky star. Many of us have felt in months gone by that we were approaching the rocks, but our lucky star has guided us through all the narrow straits until it seems to me to-night that we have

reached clear sailing. That star never has shown so brilliantly as it shines to-night, directly over the head of our loyal and talented friend from New York whom we have elected to the Presidency, Mr. John B. Green. An astronomer was once asked to talk to a body of astronomers upon the beauties of astronomy. He took them out under the blue vault of heaven and pointing to the skies, exclaimed, "Look at the stars." My friends, during the coming year, when asked to tell about the beauties of the Commercial Law League of America, point to your newly elected officers, Green, Miller, Florance and Way, and simply say, look at the stars. I rejoice that out of the chaos of the first year or two of our organization we have been able to form a body of working members,—a well organized association. We have been standing, in times past, before the commercial world very much like Oedipus before the Sphinx. It asks us the question, what are we here for, and if we cannot answer it at once and intelligibly, it is ready to devour us. I am thankful that we have reached the point in our career as an association that we may go out to the world and tell them what we are here for, and that we are able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. I do not know how Brother Bartlett [an ex-president of the League, as was the speaker] has felt, but during my administration I felt very much like a man who tried to stand a corpse on its feet and said, when failing to do so, that he thought it was lacking something inside. I felt very much in my administration as though there was something lacking in the organization on the inside, and that most of the year I was trying to hold up something that was very much like "a stiff." I am glad to know,

however, that the organization has reached a point where we can truly say that there is something on the inside. In the school books of the children and on the charts of every navigator is the great rock of Gibraltar. The summer's sun sends down upon it its melting rays, the winter's blasts beat about its peaks, the dews of heaven rest upon its brow, the waves wash against its face, the winds howl about its dreary wastes, and yet all of these vicissitudes of nature only serve to bring out in bolder relief the grand and awful strength of the rock of Gibraltar. Allow me to express the hope that the vicissitudes and changes, the conditions, favorable and unfavorable, that must meet us as we go on with this organization, may only serve to bring out in clearer view the rugged strength of this organization, the rugged purposes with which it was formed. Down on the Ohio there is a great stretch of water that runs due east and west; at one point there arises a precipitous mountain of rock. An old river captain who had sailed along that way for some fifty years was dying, and on his death bed he asked that he might be given a niche in that wall wherein he might be buried, with his face towards the waters that he loved so much. My friends, I love this League so much that I want to express the hope that when my last journey has been made that I may be able to look back from the eternity to which I must sometime come and feel that I have been instrumental in forming this organization into something that shall live and be of benefit to man. Now I will read to you the verses that have been sent us by George H. Humphreys, a member of the League from Rochester, New York:

Stretch out thine arms, glad Put-in-Bay,
To greet the friends who come to-day
 From far and near;
 Fill full of cheer
Their sojourn here, as three times blest
They quaff the wine of perfect rest.

Give to the breeze old Glory's stars,
And three cheers for the gallant tars
 Who on this spot
 So bravely fought,
And nailed the banner of the right
Above the grasp of England's might.

Unite in closer ties the band
Who come at honor's high command
 To seek anew
 The just and true,
With single eye to this alone,
How best to give to each his own.

No care here mingles with the breeze
That bears from far o'er Summer seas
 From toil release,
 For sadness peace,
And on its swift but silent wings
New health and strength and vigor brings.

May pleasant words like song of birds
Refresh each heart, until is stirred
 To steadier fire
 The high desire
To lighten every passing care
And lift life's burden everywhere.

May joy be with them all the week,
And with them as they soon shall seek
 Their homes once more;
 Their gathering o'er,
May grateful memory often say:
How rich our feast in Put-in-Bay.

And through the year as evermore
Its waves' sweet cadence thrills the shore,
 So may God's voice
 Bid us rejoice;
And so be ours, whate'er befall,
The highest, "greatest thing of all."

If there are any persons in this company who may rightly act the part of hosts, it is the members of the League who reside in Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Sandusky and Buffalo. I want, on behalf of those gentlemen, to say to you what the old Indian said to Marquette, who was exploring the region of the northern lakes. "I thank thee, black count, and thee, Frenchman, for taking so much pains to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day. Never has our river been so calm or so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed. Never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor has our corn appeared so beautiful as you behold it to-day. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made it all. Thou speakest to him and hearest his word. Ask him to give us all life and health, and come and dwell with us again."

THE DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY.

*ADDRESS BEFORE THE DETROIT CREDIT MEN'S ASSOCIATION AT THEIR SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET
AT DETROIT, MICH., JANUARY 20, 1898.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I appreciate very thoroughly the compliment you have bestowed upon me in inviting me to share with his Honor, the Mayor of the city, the privilege of addressing you at this your annual meeting. I can conceive of no reason why I should have been singled out from among the many members of this association, some of whom are particularly pleasing talkers, and placed alongside of our distinguished friend, the Mayor, whose penchant for making felicitous speeches is a matter of common knowledge, unless you were so impressed by the exaggerated reports that your representatives at the Kansas City convention brought you of my abilities as an orator, that you concluded that you would try to get a sample of it and put these reports to the proof. If this is the case, I am sorry that you must be disillusioned; it was not any eloquence of mine that “bagged the game” at Kansas City; it was rather the personal qualities of your delegation, their ability to stand where others fell, their good mixing qualities, their personal good looks and popularity—all these, in addition to the popular notion that Detroit is the handsomest and most appropriate convention city in the world, brought the National Association of Credit Men in convention assembled, to choose this home of ours as their next abiding place.

I am not handicapped to-night by a subject, so what I shall say will be rather in the nature of a few remarks, than of a set speech. However, in order that you may carry away with you at least something as a recollection of what I say, I will confine myself to a more or less sensible discussion of a subject that I shall name, "The Disease and Its Remedy." Without any further preliminaries I shall proceed to diagnose the disease. It is my custom, at least once a year, to visit the little town in Ohio where I passed my boyhood. On one of my visits I was impressed with the change that had come about among the business men of the town within the past twenty years. I spoke to one of the oldest citizens of the place, of my surprise at the rapidity with which so startling a transformation had come about. Together, then, we went over the names of the merchants who had been, twenty years ago, the business men of the town, and asked ourselves the question, Where are they? I was never so impressed with the truth of the remark, that so far as money and property go to make success, failure is the rule among men, and success the lonesome exception. The leading dry goods merchant when I was a boy, a man estimated then to be worth \$75,000 to \$100,000, was driving a dray; another, at that time a successful dry goods merchant, was a bent and feeble old man doing menial service in the dry goods store of the son of the man who was driving the dray. Another, who once conducted the leading general store of the county, the director of a bank, the financial pillar of the leading church, is now tending alone a little store patronized only by a few old patrons. Another,

the leading hardware merchant, is now, in his old age, beating out tin pails and cups in a little tin shop over the store where he used to sell more in a day than he now sells in six months. Up and down both sides of the main street we went in our search for the merchants of twenty years ago, and of all who had died in the meantime the great majority of them had died insolvent, while of all who still lived less than five per cent of them were still in business for themselves and solvent. This, too, in a conservative country town, surrounded by a fine agricultural district and apart from the follies and extravagance of city life.

Will you tell me why it is; will you blame it to the conditions of trade and the times? This will not do, for I could show you that within the last twenty years that country has enjoyed, for a large part of the time, a fair degree of prosperity. I would show you that in that community the court records are almost absolutely clear of insolvency proceedings, assignments for benefit of creditors, etc., and yet throughout the entire period merchants have come and gone, succeeding for a time, but in almost every instance coming down to an old age of disappointment and want. I do not need to go so far away to make a diagnosis of the disease. I came to Detroit thirteen years ago. The Woodward avenue of thirteen years ago is far from the Woodward avenue of to-day; not so much in the number and character of its business men as in their personnel. I do not care, in this presence, to name over the merchants then prominent in business on Woodward avenue and now no longer a factor in business circles, and only remembered

for the debts they made. You can recall them. The average business life of Woodward avenue merchants, could it be definitely known, would no doubt astonish us. Failures on Woodward avenue are not to be charged so much to so-called hard times, for they have been most frequent and most disastrous in times that have generally been considered as prosperous. Once in a while it will do us good to dip into history a little for facts, for men are much the same now as they ever have been, and the same causes are operating to bring about effects to-day that operated fifty years ago.

In 1840 Gen. Dearborn, who had been collector at the port of Boston for nearly twenty years, stated that after an extensive acquaintance with business men and having long been an attentive observer of the course of events in the mercantile community, he was satisfied that among one hundred merchants and traders not more than three ever acquire independence. In the same year a great anti-quarian in Boston said, that, forty years before, he had taken a memorandum of every person doing business on Long Wharf, and that after the lapse of forty years, five only of the one hundred remained; they had all in that time failed, or died destitute of property. The Massachusetts Bank, of Boston, gave out a statement that of one thousand accounts which they had opened, on starting business, only six remained after forty years; that of the remainder, nearly all who had opened accounts had either failed, or died destitute of property. The president of the bank, in making this statement, said: "Bankruptcy is almost as certain as

death. There seems to be little escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young." A contributor to the Merchants' Magazine, that some years ago was published in New York, said that up to that time but one eminent merchant had ever continued in active business in the city of New York to the close of a long life without undergoing bankruptcy or a suspension of payments. From records kept in Boston during periods of twenty to forty years, it is asserted that of every hundred persons who commenced business in Boston ninety-five, at least, died poor. Glance for a moment at the statistics of bankruptcy under the uniform bankruptcy law of 1841, which was in force but thirteen months. The number of applicants for relief under that law were 33,739; the number of creditors returned, 1,049,603; the amount of debts stated, \$440,934,615; the valuation of the property surrendered, \$43,697,307. On this showing ten cents should have been paid on every dollar due. It may interest you to know that on the winding up of the estates the following dividends were paid: In the southern district of New York an average of a cent on the dollar, in the northern district of New York thirteen and two-thirds cents, the largest in any jurisdiction; in Connecticut, a half a cent on a dollar; in Mississippi, six cents on every \$1,000; in Maine, a half a cent on every \$100; in Michigan and Iowa, one-fourth of a cent on every \$100; and so on, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Alabama paying nothing. Here is the enormous sum of \$400,000,000 and over, lost by 1,049,000 merchants, who were supposed to be engaged in proper and legitimate business. Some twenty years ago

my father purchased the bankrupt stock, including books of account, of one of the leading stores of southeastern Ohio, which in its day had done a flourishing business. Among the books of account was one that particularly interested me as a boy. In it was given a long list of names of persons who owed accounts to the store, which accounts had been presumably charged to profit and loss, and opposite each name was some remark in pencil as to what had become of the debtor. These remarks read something as follows: "busted," "gone to Neb.," "dead," "killed by the cars, left nothing," "busted," and among other evidences of disgust and despair on the part of the bookkeeper were quite a job lot of names after which was the expressive statement, "gone to hell." There was once published in Cincinnati a journal called Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser, the publisher, Mr. Cist, being the statistician of the city. He at one time prepared a list of the principal active business men who were in trade twenty years before in Cincinnati. Opposite each name he briefly related what had become of the person. I have now before me the list. It reads as follows: "No. 1, broke; resumed business; has since left Cincinnati. No. 2, broke; resides in Indiana. No. 3, broke; now engaged in collecting accounts. No. 4, died. No. 5, broke; now captain of a steamboat. No. 6, left merchandising to put up pork, which business he also quit in time to save his bacon; independent in circumstances. No. 7, dead. No. 8, broke; resides in St. Louis. No. 9, firm; one of the partners dead, the other out of business; both insolvent. No. 10, partners; both dead. No. 11, partners; broke; one now a bookkeeper, the other dead. No. 12, became embarrassed and

swallowed poison. No. 13, a firm; broke. No. 14, a firm; broke; one of the partners died a common sot, the other left the city. No. 15, in the penitentiary. No. 16, now a clerk; left Cincinnati after becoming intemperate. No. 17, broke; drowned himself in the Ohio. No. 18, broke and removed to Toledo. No. 20, out of business; broke three times;" and so on. The list comprehends some four hundred business men and only five of them were still in business after twenty years.

Such is mercantile success! I think, after this mournful recital, I ought to pause long enough for us all to sing the chorus of that old song, "Let us all be unhappy together." What is the matter with a mercantile career, anyhow? It is a common and popular thing nowadays to decry the shyster lawyer; what about the shyster merchant? For every unsuccessful lawyer I can produce a dozen unsuccessful merchants; for every weak and sinful member of the bar I will produce his match from among the merchants. The fact is, the world is full of incompetents. The disease is not one that affects one class or several classes to the exclusion of others. It is a general disease that requires patient and long-continued treatment, and I doubt very much whether in our day the patient is growing any better. I am not one of those who believe that business men are any less honest to-day than they were fifty years ago. I do believe, however, that the standard of morality in trade is far from what it ought to be, and that until it improves materially we may expect to see little improvement in the condition of the patient. I believe that the credit men of the country have it

in their power to produce remarkable results in the direction of more honest and more capable business men and methods. A large proportion of the men who fail in business fail from injudicious buying; another large proportion fail from extravagance in store management or in home life, or in both; another proportion, not small, fail because of injurious habits; another proportion fail from venturing into lines of business in which they are unskilled; while others fail from speculation. Conservative credit men and capable mercantile reporting agencies have it in their power to work such a change in business conditions and business character as cannot be accomplished by all the State Legislatures in christendom. We cannot legislate men into honesty; we cannot legislate them into economy; we cannot legislate them into a wise use of their money; we can, however, as individuals, stand between them and the things they would do, and prevent them. The law may say, that a man shall not enter my house at night and carry away my valuables without my consent. But the fellow may not know the law, or he may think it unjust, or may be viciously indifferent to it. All the law and all the statute books in the world will not be so effective in preventing his stealing from me as am I myself, standing in the door with a revolver in my hand, barring his approach. Make all the laws you please on the subjects of assignments, insolvencies, chattel mortgages, attachments, etc., etc., load your statute books until they groan with the weight and the severity of your collection laws, and you don't begin to cure the disease so long as there are credit men willing to supply the merchant,

whatever his character and regardless of the insolvency of his estate. I believe thoroughly in credit—I have to use it myself—but I do not believe in it when it keeps afloat a raft of irresponsible merchants who, if their debts were paid, would not have cash enough to buy their next meal, whose stores are the “bargain stores” of the city, demoralizing trade, and driving respectable, honorable and responsible merchants into distress, and finally failing and throwing upon the markets trainloads of merchandise at less than manufacturers’ cost.

How many of our merchants, were they closed out to-day, could pay one hundred cents on the dollar? Are there not many of them, indeed, carrying large stocks and doing a big business, who, at a safe estimate, are insolvent and irresponsible? I venture to say there are merchants in this city to-day who are getting goods on credit from jobbers who expect these same merchants to fail, but who are taking the chances that they will get the money before failure comes, or who hope, possibly, in the event of failure, they will be protected. Not many months ago I went out for a stroll after night with my wife (very proper, you will say!), and passed the house of a merchant who had the day before committed suicide. The hour was ten o’clock. Sitting upon the curbstone in front of the house and standing under the shelter of the trees were some twenty or thirty persons, all of them lawyers and credit men; all seeking at this uncanny hour, in the presence of the very corpse itself, to interview the widow and learn “where they were at.” I stopped and talked with one of these gentlemen, with whom

I was acquainted. To one of them, who seemed to be a chief mourner, and whose goods and money to the extent of some \$20,000 were slipping from his grasp, I said, "I am glad of it. It treats your house right. You had every means of knowing what was coming. I do not know what the mercantile agency report was, but if it was not such as to warn you, the agency ought to be drummed out of town, for every citizen with his eyes and ears open has known for some time that some day, and that, soon, a tremendous failure was coming. You deliberately closed your eyes and your ears and let your property go." I think I have scolded about this before in the columns of my paper, and I can't help repeating what I there said, that we, as credit men, have much to blame ourselves for, and that in applying remedies to others we should be sure that we don't need them ourselves.

What is to bring about a better class of merchants, fewer failures, more successful business, a sounder condition of trade? Laws can't do it; overproduction and overpushing of goods upon the market can't do it; a cheapening of commodities can't do it; politics can't do it; a system of bankruptcy can't do it; I know of nothing that can produce the result so speedily, so completely, as agitation; public sentiment; education. What brought the abolition of slavery? Agitation. When Wendell Phillips struck the keynote of anti-slavery sentiment he was hooted and howled from house to house in Boston, the very center of freedom; but agitation, constant, heroic, personal, finally swept the whole north and at last the union itself for freedom for the

black race. Coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous, I give you a marked evidence of the result of agitation when I refer to the crusade against high hats in the theaters. Agitation alone has done it. Legislatures have sought to legislate the nuisance out of existence, but public opinion has done the work—public opinion, expressed in the public press, on the rostrum, in the street, and in the home. Agitation in favor of reform in credit methods is the main purpose of the National Association of Credit Men. This splendid organization, springing suddenly into existence at the call of a few earnest, far-seeing men, has already been an influence for good, and it is bound to be a tremendous force in making better men and bringing about better methods. Credit men singly can do much here and there in preventing disasters to character and business; combined, they can revolutionize the business world. They ought to represent, do represent, I believe, the strength and conservatism of the business world. Direct that strength and conservatism to right ends and future generations will look back upon no more important factor in the business life of the latter part of this century than the banding together of these men for protection against imposition, injustice and fraud and for bringing about mutual improvement and reforms in business methods. The watchword of this organization should be "Agitate." The printing press should be employed night and day in spreading before the people words of counsel and warning. The daily and weekly newspapers and the trade journals should be used as the good right arm of the movement. For whatever we may say of it

on its less potent and less gracious side, the press is the guardian of public morals, the defender of justice, the great and mighty engine of civilization. Right well, I am glad to say, is this association meeting the ends of its organization by agitation.

I venture to say that no trade organization has ever made upon the minds of business men a more profound impression of its usefulness than the Association of Credit Men. Not only is the movement endowed with the enthusiastic support of the leading houses of the United States; not only is it blessed with the vigorous and influential assistance of the powerful and gifted trade press of the country, but the realization seems to have been had that the peculiar work that is being performed is singularly adapted to this association alone.

With uniform statement blanks, as a source of education, and a custom insuring closer relations between debtor and creditor, and a protection and advantage to both; with a uniform trade inquiry form as an incentive to more certain trade confidence; with a business literature department having a policy and system insuring the dissemination of the soundest advice; with the extension of a powerful influence upon our commercial agencies guaranteeing a more perfect and reliable service; with the agitation, looking to correction, of such abuses as the use of local checks by out-of-town merchants, fake advertising, and excessive and unreasonable dating and discounts, and with the successful operation of the department devoted to the investigation and prosecution of fraudulent failures, there can be no

question as to the importance of our association, the practicability of its undertakings, and the grandeur of its influence. Men of profound experience are contributing to its literature and hundreds and thousands of newspapers and periodicals are placing these words before the eyes of their readers; thus gently, gradually, and yet surely, is the process of education going on. No credit man should look upon this movement in a selfish spirit. He should rather be thankful that it is within his power to lend some aid, however small, to the furtherance of this great project, whose purpose and whose result we can no more now calculate than could we judge of the mighty influence of Wm. E. Gladstone, from the knowledge of the mere fact that on December 29th, 1807, there was born to the wife of one John Gladstone, a son. I personally am proud that Detroit was present and took an active part in the organization of the National Association of Credit Men. I am proud that our city represents an integral part in this great movement. I am proud for my city, that among all the credit men of all the cities that I have met personally and in conventions, none impress me as more intelligent and more capable than those of my home city. I am further proud that in the summer of 1898 we shall be permitted to extend our hands in greeting to one of the most distinguished bodies of business men which it has ever been the proud privilege of this splendid city to entertain. Let us show to this representative body of business men that what our local association lacks in numbers we make up in the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of our hospitality, and in the

meantime and always, let us endeavor to assist as best we can in extending the power, influence, and usefulness of this great brotherhood to the end that the utmost of the blessings which it has the power to confer may be vouchsafed to all its members, and, through them, to the world at large.

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

The unknown land of this day and age of the world must, you say, be a very unimportant and uninteresting study. The world's ships have girdled the globe and checkered its seas with the paths of commerce; the world's missionaries and explorers have penetrated its forests and sandy wastes; men of iron nerve have carried the chain of discovery far out into the frozen night of the polar seas and brought back word that beyond is but the uninhabitable stretches of ice and snow; intrepid spirits have braved the hostile climates and races of the African continent and returned to lay the riches of the tropics at the feet of an admiring world. You admit that here and there upon the earth's surface are dark spots unexplored, but you say they are so insignificant in comparison with what faced the world of the fifteenth and earlier centuries that for us, practically speaking, there is no unknown land; that our geographies are now complete; that here and there we may have to change the line of a river or mark here a lake, or there erect a mountain peak, but that never again shall we add new pages for lands or continents now unknown. To a large extent, perhaps, this is true; I say perhaps, for it will not do for man ever again to be dogmatic on points of geography any the more than on points of science, philosophy, and religion, in the face of the revelations of the past fifty years. The most we can say, yes, the most that the best and wisest of men can say, is that so far as we can now see, things are thus and so.

Never in the history of man has there been so much breaking of idols as in this day in which we live. We ridicule old-time notions of the earth, her motions, her functions, her relations to the stars, and to the universe in general, old-time theories of light and sound and heat and motion and life, old-time rules and practices and fashions of individual, family and social life, old-time theories of gods and devils, and demons and mysteries, yes, even old-time beliefs and hopes and faiths,—and yet upon this same great rock of discovery and modern research are our own pet theories, our own well-trenched philosophies, our own ever sacred dogmas, and heaven-born creeds, being shattered before our very eyes. So that, standing in the midst of the whirl of these last years of the nineteenth century, one may well turn the pages of his book of knowledge with a hurried hand, for ere he is well through with them their wisdom has vanished away. “Whether there be prophecies they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away.” To quote from one who has recently asked and answered so well the question, what is the summum bonum, the greatest thing in the world: “The wisdom of the ancients! where is it? It is wholly gone. A schoolboy to-day knows more than Sir Isaac Newton knew; his knowledge has vanished away. You put yesterday’s newspaper into the fire, its knowledge has vanished away; you buy the old editions of the great encyclopedias for a few pence; their knowledge has vanished away; see how the coach has been superseded by the use of steam; see how electricity has superseded that, and swept

an hundred almost new inventions into oblivion. One of the greatest living authorities, Sir Wm. Thompson, said the other day, 'The steam engine is passing away.' Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. At every work shop you will see in the back yard a heap of old iron, a few wheels, a few levers, a few cranks, broken and eaten with rust. Twenty years ago that was the pride of the city, men flocked in from the country to see the great invention. Now it is superseded, its day is done. And all the boasted science and philosophy of this day will soon be o'er. But yesterday, in the University of Edinburgh, the greatest figure in the faculty was Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform. The other day his successor and nephew, Prof. Simpson, was asked by the librarian of the University to go to the library and pick out the books on his subject that were no longer needed, and his reply to the librarian was this: 'Take every text-book that is more than ten years old, and put it down in the cellar.' Sir James Simpson was a great authority only a few years ago; men came from all parts of the earth to consult him, and almost the whole teaching of that time is consigned by the science of to-day to oblivion."

In every branch of science the same is true; and never was this more true than in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Every pulse-beat to-night is a leap forward into an unknown land; every inspiration fills our lungs with a clearer and purer air blowing fresh from mountain and plain and river of which our maps contain not even a suggestion.

Are we moving fast? Yes, terribly fast; men and things go down in the mad rush, their hands still outstretched to the future, their bodies bruised and beaten under the iron heel of irresistible progress. You have read of the wild rush of humanity into the far West in the days of the gold excitement and a similar exhibition on a smaller scale into the newly opened territory of a western State. Great caravans stealing across the prairies and gathering on the confines of the promised beyond—faces expectant—courage fired—hearts aglow—bodies nerved; the word comes and then the mad shout of greeting, the gallop of steeds, the rocking to and fro of the great vans, the crack of the rifle, the shout of victory, mingled with the cry of defeat,—a terrible race for the prize.

I remember well a picture I once saw when but a lad. Its impress has remained upon my mind amidst the changes of years. Beneath it is written, "Westward the star of empire takes its way." In the foreground is the summit of a rocky range; a group of emigrants; an old man, his staff dropped from his hand and his tottering form scarcely lifted above the earth; a mother clasping her babe to her breast, her eyes uplifted in a prayer for courage; and above them a young man, his face aglow with enthusiasm and the blood of youth, peering eagerly forward into the beautiful pastures of the new country that lies stretched beyond as far as the eye can reach, and beckoning to his disheartened companions in eager joy at the discovery of the long-delayed end of their journey; while back over the path they have traversed stretches the long line of white-covered vans toiling up the mountain.

A picture of frequent occurrence in the border States and a truthful representation of the journey into the unknown land of which we men and women of this civilization are a part.

Some of us are away out in the front of this great movement, some of us are content to be toiling in well-beaten tracks, some of us are scarcely to be seen in this picture, our outfit so mean, our speed so slow, our ambition and zeal so insignificant; away back on the horizon, our forms are scarcely distinguishable in the dimness of its coloring.

It is for but few to be the explorers in the unknown land—for the great world of men it is left to follow after. Once in a while one of us “makes believe” to venture a little beyond the crowd, and coming back we say, “there is nothing new under the sun.” There may be a few modifications and improvements of the old, a few combinations of existing elements not yet made, but after all we have about solved the problem and reached the end; we build our golden calves and fall down to worship them until some Moses descending from the mountain and thundering in our ears the divine command, “Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me,” hurls our idols from their pedestals and leads us one day’s march farther from the Egypt of our bondage.

This great body of humanity is moving in well-defined columns of attack, each marshalled by leaders and well disciplined; there are the scouts,—the men who are to-day way out on the front of the movement—quick eyed, clear headed, well equipped, brave, strong, fired with zeal, experienced,

inured to hardships, accustomed to difficulties, fertile in resources: Painters, musicians, architects, machinists, electricians, astronomers, navigators, philosophers, statesmen, physicians, teachers, preachers. Following at a long distance comes the great body of humanity, but ere they reach the field they find the ashes of many a camp fire and the land no longer unknown. Then there is the great rear-guard, here and there organized into bodies, but more generally scattered; occasionally mutinous and yet following at greater or less interval the main body,—the camp followers; men who live upon the past, who create and see nothing new, who assume an icy indifference to progress, who sneer at every new revelation, whose motto is, “not seen, not believed,” whose pet phrase is that blear-eyed blasphemy, “there is nothing new under the sun,” as if we had finally got a tapeline about God’s universe and had its exact measurement. No more false and dangerous idea ever took refuge in words. You meet these dyspeptic philosophers at every turn, unable to comprehend the magnificent movements of mind which have characterized their times. They are found in politics, and know nothing of state-craft beyond the successful drawing of a salary, looking after their fences, or the selfish interests of a back-woods constituency; they are found in the pulpit and know nothing of the true religion beyond their vain desire to crowd the eternal God and His Universe into a two-by-four interpretation of His written word; they are found in the professions of law and medicine; you meet them in the schools of art and in the walks of business—this great rear-guard.

Rather would I be in the ranks of the ignorant dweller upon the banks of the Indus, seeing and knowing nothing of this great warfare, than that, face to face with the splendid revelations of the possibilities of the human mind and the wondrous resources of the unknown land, I should stand like a dog baying at the moon.

A few years since we were startled by scientific men telling us that there was indisputable evidence of the existence of man in the quaternary period of the earth's history. Men went to their Bibles and read the first chapter of Genesis and shook their heads, and now they tell us that there is evidence of man in the tertiary and that he antedates the glacial period. If this be true, and we have little ground to dispute it, either from the standpoint of probabilities or the standpoint of the Bible, the history of the race is indefinitely prolonged. According to some authorities some twenty to one hundred millions of years have elapsed since man became a separate and distinct creation. With this view of the length of time in which man has been on the earth, how infinitely slow the progress in the centuries of the past! A thousand years ago a not over-wise prophet might readily have argued the exact condition of the race a century later. But how rapid in these times are the wheels of progress turning! What means this rapid acceleration of movement? Is the force that is drawing us on some unknown energy which, like the force of gravity, acting inversely as the square of the distance, is rapidly drawing us as a race to the perihelion of our existence? Where is the prophet who, fifty years ago, could give even the roughest outline of the

present? How much that is now the common experience and blessing of the race was known ten years ago? The average of human wisdom among the civilized people of the globe to-day is above the point reached by the bright intellects of an hundred years ago, and fifty years hence that man who compasses by his learning the full measure of the wisdom of our wisest men may be,—yes, doubtless will be counted an ignorant man.

It is impossible for any one of us with equanimity, no matter how far advanced in intelligence, how unerring in sight, or intrepid in spirit, to go far into the unknown land. Venture out but a little way and our minds are confused, our senses reel with the mass of strange and startling facts and phenomena that surround us.

We are told that Columbus, standing upon the prow of his vessel, surrounded by a mutinous crew, saw before him the land of promise in the occasional flitting of strange birds across the sky, strange odors borne upon the breeze and strange objects that floated past. And so even those of us who give little, if any, thought to the progress of events can dimly see the outlines of a new land in the mass of new and varying phenomena that daily pass before our eyes.

The progress of science during the past few years is likened in my mind to a midnight ride upon a train among the mountains,—a sense of comfort and security within, an enjoyment of the novelty of the situation, and yet the presence of an awful dread as one peers out into the darkness and into the mysterious depths over which he is borne. Is the track all right ahead? Is the engineer trustworthy?

Are we not going too fast? Why this stop—this sudden starting? See that swaying lantern ahead! Is it a signal of danger? Who has not had these sensations?

So this strange ride which science is taking us to-day; awful in some of its aspects, over dizzy heights which we dare not contemplate. A Morse ahead with his lantern; we catch his signal and are off; we pass him as he stands by the roadside; and with a length of wire to-day eighty times the length of the equator, the telegraph is no longer wonderful. Another lantern shines out ahead in the darkness; Edison is signaling, and we are off up the mountains as passive and as impotent to guide or direct in this unknown land as a sleeping babe. This lantern passed, and the human voice is carried by an invisible energy for thousands of miles, and the telephone is no longer wonderful. Another signal left behind in the night, and the microphone is a thing of yesterday. Another, and electricity is stored and measured. Another, and the phonograph has ceased to be a wonder. Another, and, by an unnamed instrument, we shall see one another face to face although separated in person by miles of river and mountain and plain.

What is this subtle thing we name "energy"? We speak of it as the one established fact of the universe, but do we know anything more of it than did Sir Isaac Newton, who admitted as to gravity that he could not conceive how one body could act on another without some physical connection between them. Tait in his *Properties of Matter* sums up the latest results in almost the identical words of Newton: "In fact, the cause of gravitation remains undiscovered." Whence came it? You cannot make something out

of nothing. You cannot create energy although you can transform it. Science demands something even back of this. There must be a still deeper sub-stratum than gravity, and heat, and light, and electricity, to account for solar heat being kept up for the time required by geology; for the energy which acts from atom to atom; for the varying inclinations of the axes of rotation of the different bodies of the solar system; for the motion of the so-called runaway stars. Who is there to explain the force that lies back of the phenomena of animal magnetism, of hypnotism, of catalepsy, of somnambulism, of hallucinations, of dreams? And what can we say of love and hate, of joy and sorrow, if under given circumstances, as has been demonstrated, they can be transformed into one another by the aid of the magnet? Did the man who wrote the Shakespearean plays speak better than he knew when he said, "We are such things as dreams are made of"? Do you say this leads to materialism, if conscience and all the phenomena of mind and soul is traced to the subtle workings of a physical energy? If by materialism you mean the denial of a wise and beneficent great first cause in whom all the phenomena of the physical and so-called spiritual universe has its beginning and must of necessity have its end; if you mean by materialism the religion of the agnostic to whom faith is but a mockery, I answer, no; I believe that man was made in the image of his Maker in a higher and purer sense than as commonly thought, in that, although born of the very elements of the grosser world about him, he has outstripped in the race all other forms of created beings and will find

his true mission in an absolute unity in knowledge and power and experience and conditions with the God that created him.

Look through the giant telescopes of to-day and amid the solemn and awful mysteries of the universe, you will exclaim: "Oh the depths of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and how inscrutable are His ways."

Stand among the accumulated volumes of sand and gravel and coal and rock and read the story of the unmeasured ages that stretch out before you; go into the field of modern philosophy, see evolution, like a key to the universe, unlocking its mysteries to our wondering gaze. We stagger at its suggestions; we turn away from its conclusions; we grasp our creeds and our philosophies and religions and press them before our eyes in fear that we may see something of the unsearchable riches of God; we ask ourselves, trembling at the question, What may not evolution do?

It has proven the continuity of law, the conservation of forces, the unity of matter; it has found a thousand missing links and proven genus and species but diverging lines of one primal organism. And man? May he not be an exception? Yes, he may. But in this unknown land we will not say he is. I do not give up one particle of my faith in God and my belief in His word, but I may have to admit that in man's interpretation of God's written revelation, man may be mistaken just as in man's interpretation of nature, which is God's unwritten revelation, man has been stumbling along like a blind man and a fool since the

world began. With the learned bishop of the Anglican church, I can sooner believe that God, in the beginning, set his impress upon the universe once for all and sent it whirling into space to perform its mission than that from time to time he has interposed to change its course or alter its plans or create new forces or elements or beings. Infinitely more wonderful and more in accord with an all-wise Creator, the view into the unknown land of science and philosophy which reduces the great mass of varying phenomena to one mighty energy working by fixed laws throughout the universe, holding in its grasp the countless worlds of space and the tiniest atom of the invisible air about us; and that as a masterpiece to crown his work, out of the all-pervading workings of this law through countless years, should come one endowed with the image of his Maker and capable of limitless improvement. And if future generations learn that mind is but another name for that all-pervading energy which lies as a sub-stratum beneath all the mysterious phenomena which we know as light, heat, gravity, electricity, atomic energy, and chemical affinity, and what not, may they not come to look upon some of our notions of mind and spirit which we have built into our systems of belief and which are founded surely and safely, as we have every reason to believe with our present light, upon God's written revelation to man, as erroneous as the belief of our fathers that the sun revolved about the earth, which error, foolish as it may seem to us, they read as truth not only in nature, but in the word of God itself.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

In music, what Mendelssohn and Mozart happened upon by dint of genius and a sort of inspiration, as we may say, we have now reduced to an accurate system, so that by a reasonable amount of study and practice the gifted genius of to-day may begin almost where they left off, and with the splendid improvement in instruments nothing in music now is impossible. The gifted performer of the future may become a veritable Orpheus to move rocks and stones with his melody. One thing certain, the music of the future will be human. By human, I mean music of the heart, not a clash of meaningless sounds appealing to a semi-barbarous ear; neither a beating of two sticks as among primitive tribes; nor yet a crash of brass and iron and sheepskin of a Gilmore's band, but the delicate expressions of the best emotions of the heart, appealing thereto, not by dint of force, but through the avenues of experience and memory and imagination,—a reproduction of human hope and fear and sorrow and joy which is the grandest and the best purpose of the art. Art in its perfection will be natural, and as the natural becomes more and more god-like so will music. We love music only as it expresses something else that we love. Artificial standards and ideals of art will be from time to time set up and followed, but the music of the future which will accompany the advanced genius of the coming man will shake off

these shackles of a semi-barbarous taste, and rise to its true sphere, which is the simple and faithful imitation of man's best thought and feeling. Why is it that the "Home, Sweet Home" of a Patti is more exquisitely beautiful than the grandest oratorio that was ever sung? It is because, stripped of all environment of clashing cymbals and blazing trumpets, there is that in the very simplicity and perfect heartiness (I think of no other word to express it) of the tone so clothing the sentiment, that it sets vibrating within our souls the very deepest emotions.

I imagine I catch a little of the spirit of that music of the future,—that human, heart music in the tones of a song which floats down to me through the fourteen years which have elapsed since I heard it on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia in 1876. It was the night of Pennsylvania day, the greatest day of the Exposition, when, packed in one great swaying mass, there stood hundreds of thousands of men and women, the greatest company of people that had ever, up to that time, assembled in one spot upon the American Continent. They were waiting in the darkness for the beginning of the pyrotechnic display which had been promised for the evening.

All eyes were directed to the northward, expectant and eager, and yet no sign of a rocket or candle appeared against the starry background on which we gazed. All around us is darkness and silence; but hark! Away off to the west, scarcely audible, comes a low murmur like the first rustle of leaves in the forest on the approach of the

storm; nearer it comes, rising and falling, higher and higher, like great billows toward the land, until, surging all about us, from an hundred thousand throats, not boisterous, but deep and with an indescribable pathos, the grand old chorus, "My Country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing, land of the Pilgrim's pride, land where my Fathers died, from every mountain side, let freedom ring." Such music is beyond description. Who will say that its beauty lies in the mere force of numbers? Those who cannot sing, cheer; there are those who can do neither, and their emotions find refuge in tears that well up from the fountain of the heart and overflow its brim. Such I believe in kind and effect, though infinitely greater in degree, will be the music which will be the common possession of all men when the race stands face to face with its Creator with ears attuned to hear the harmonies of the universe.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

EXTRACT FROM A RESPONSE TO THE ABOVE SENTIMENT AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH., MARCH 19, 1896.

Someone has asked "What are boys good for?" and another has answered "To make men." The story has it that a philosopher in ancient times stood viewing a procession. The head of the procession, composed of grey-headed heroes, bore a banner inscribed with the sentiment, "We have defended the State." "Ah," said the old man, "were there ever such men as these? Where shall their successors be found?" As he meditated, the center of the line came in view. Here were men in the strength and vigor of manhood. Upon the banner that they bore was written, "We are the defenders of the State." The face of the old sage lit up with a glow of satisfaction as he exclaimed, "What State can be in danger while her honor and integrity are upheld and defended by such warriors?" Suddenly his face grew sad, and in mournful tones he added, "The old men have preserved their country, the young men are now its champions, but what shall happen when, after a few years, these men shall have passed away!" Just then the left of the procession approached. There marched the boys with springing step and smiling faces. They carried high their

banner, and upon it the wise man saw these words: "We will defend the State." "The gods be praised," he shouted, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks, "the perpetuity of the State is assured." Upon our boys to-night the world's future rests. The fellow who spoils your last sweet, restful, morning nap with his merry romp, whose last gymnastic exercises have left his room and bedding looking as if an Iowa cyclone had struck them, who, just for fun, has teased his sister until she is in tears, who has asked you more questions while you were reading the morning paper than a lawyer could propound, who wants more things in a day than you could purchase in a year, who furnishes his mamma business in repairing pantaloons and stockings, and in causing her unexpected trips to the grocery for the raisins she supposed she had, but hadn't; the fellow whose good-bye kiss is sweeter to you than any nectar that Jupiter ever sipped, whose noble traits as they develop give you the greatest satisfaction, whose failings you so carefully endeavor to help him to overcome,—that boy is to take up the work of life where you left off, and, whether for good or ill, the world of to-morrow is in his hands.

The sentiment of my toast, Mr. Toastmaster, is as broad as human possibilities and as deep as human experience. What can a young man do? What can he not do? What in the glorious record of a marvelous human progress has he not done? From the day when the youthful David slew the Philistine champion and became the anointed of the Lord, to this very day in which we live, young men have formed

the opening wedge of the army of progress, from time to time startling the world with their enthusiasm, fighting its greatest battles, and winning its greatest triumphs.

Time and ability will permit me scarcely to enter upon the answering of this question. My only hope and expectation is to leave with you young men and to receive for myself to-night a new inspiration for better, higher, and nobler things.

Every pulse-beat to-night is a leap forward into an unknown land. Every breeze that fans our cheek blows fresh from mountain, plain and river, of which our maps contain not even a suggestion. We are much like the great frontier army of men and women that lately stood upon the confines of a newly-opened territory in a far western State; the magnificent prospect of new and undeveloped fields before us, our arms and backs laden with a motley equipment, our eyes expectant and eager, our muscles tense, our nerves instantly responsive; the word comes, the crack of the rifle, the enthusiastic shout, the struggle for place, the shout of victory mingled with the cry of defeat; all these make up the picture of the great forward movement of men and women in this latter decade of the greatest century the world has ever seen. What part do you and I bear in this tremendous movement? Are we in the forefront of progress, are we dropping behind in the race, are we falling by the roadside, are we loitering in careless indifference? I believe the next score of years will face more difficult problems and decide more serious questions than the world has heretofore seen. What can a young man do? In a word, he can prepare himself for this future.

Of the many things a young man can do, I desire to dwell particularly upon but two or three, and I trust you will not think I am sermonizing when I enumerate them.

What can a young man do? He can help his fellow-man. The young men who come from homes that are so largely represented before me to-night, where temperance, intelligence, and thrift prevail, need not our most serious thought, but the young men with whom we touch arms in the crowded marts, who are getting their education in the street and amid scenes where pinching want drives men and women to deeds of desperation—these are the young men who demand our sympathy and our help. Their votes will weigh just as heavily as ours, and they will be able to run caucuses and poll votes by means that we cannot. The successful young man is always more or less of a Pharisee, and thanks the Lord a great many times a day that he is not like other men. Perchance he prides himself upon the fact that he is a self-made man, or, he prides himself upon his soundness of judgment, industry, economy, quickness of business instinct, absence of vice, a kind and even disposition. How much is he to be commended for any of these things? Where did he get his buoyancy of disposition, his evenness of temper? Analyze for a moment your own life and confess to yourself how much that is commendable in you came from her who is and ever will be enshrined in the holiest place in your heart—your mother. You did not choose your ancestors. Think, for an instant, of the heritage of that other young man. His very life is the result of the tendencies implanted in him at his birth. His spirit from

the beginning is bound in chains that the power of God Almighty alone can strike down. What can we young men do? We can join hands in sympathy and encouragement with such of our fellows as do not start even with us in the race. We can encourage him whose feet falter, whose courage weakens, whose step betrays weariness of heart and desperation of purpose.

What can a young man do? Make his own environment. He cannot choose his own ancestors, but he can choose his books, his companions, his occupation, his amusements. You would not put a diamond in a setting of filth—yet many a young man is doing this to-night with a God-given talent.

What can a young man do? Marry. Cast out your anchor, boys—you who are drifting. Let it catch fast in the solid rock of some young woman's love. There is no anchorage so safe as that in the affectionate heart of a pure young girl. There is no well so deep and refreshing to a tired, dusty traveler in this life as the home love of wife and children. God made it for you and for me. Sow your wild oats if you will, but when the harvest is gathered see to it that not one grain in all that harvest of chaff shall represent a young girl's broken heart or ruined life.

What can a young man do? Take his place as the honored head of a little world of his own, with his own hearth-stone, around it to gather the crowning glory of his maturer years—a loving wife, and dutiful children. No picture in all the world's galleries is so beautiful as that painted by Burns, a poor young Scotchman at the age of twenty-seven in a garret over a stable—the Cotter's Saturday Night.

What can a young man do? Do his best in whatever sphere of life he enters. A student? Be the best student in the school. A bookkeeper? Be an expert and be satisfied with nothing but the highest achievements in that line. A mechanic? Be the smartest, cleanest, quickest workman in the shop—aye, in the town. A professional man? Let no seeming obstacles prevent your aiming at the very highest place. The world is full of mediocre talent—men who can just do things and that is all—men who just earn a living and that is all. If you have talent, thank God for it and use it for all it is worth. If you have not talent, make up for its loss by heroic work. Work is genius. It is curious to note that nearly every man the world has called a genius has been a tireless worker.

What can a young man do? Serve his country. Some of us werè but babes pressed to our mothers' trembling bosoms when the bugle called to arms in 1860. Some of us never heard the call nor felt the patriotic thrill that went from heart to heart in those terrible days. God grant we never may be called upon to strike hands in a bloody war, but should it come let us as young men—the sons of patriot sires, cry out in the enthusiasm of a holy patriotism—Our country! May she ever be right! but right or wrong—our country!

What can a young man do? Serve his God. Stand by the faith of his fathers who built the nation for God. Revere the Bible his mother loved even as he reveres her memory. What can a young man do? Build character, grow, accumulate, fight the battles of right, marry, make a home, love

his country, serve his God. What can he do? Nothing—aye, worse than nothing—he can come into manhood a blackening curse to himself, a disgrace to his family, a festering influence in the community. What can a young man do? He can drive his chariot among the stars or burrow in the dirt like the ground mole, destroying the fair face of the earth in his greedy search for loathsome prey. What can he do? Everything. But what if poor? Napoleon at the age of twenty-three burst the bonds of obscurity and poverty and caused his superiors to cry out—Promote that young man or he will promote himself. Poverty, young man, has ever been the school of genius. I leave but this word of inspiration with you. The world of to-morrow is what you make it. To-day is the workshop of to-morrow. To-morrow is the product of to-day.

Young man, to-day and to-morrow are yours.

Enter and possess.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND HIS PROBLEMS.

*DELIVERED BEFORE THE STATE CONVENTION OF THE
MICHIGAN STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
AT DETROIT, MICH., IN 1895.*

I take it that what you as teachers want to take home with you from this convention is not the memory of eloquent words nor, altogether, the inspiration from great crowds and from inspiring music. You have given your time and your money that you may be enabled through converse with other teachers who meet the same problems and experiences as do you, to take home with you better ideas of how you should do your work. If you can carry home a heart inspired with love and zeal and a mind stored with new ideas for work, you will have reason forever to congratulate yourselves on your attendance at this convention. Inspiration is a good thing in itself, but if I were to choose between inspiration and ideas and could not have both I would take the latter.

In marking out the line of discussion I desire that it shall touch upon three prominent points.

First, the preparation for the lesson; second, the gaining and the retaining of pupils; third, the saving of the boys and girls.

First, the preparation of the lesson.

When? Not in the school hour, not on the way to the school, not at breakfast Sunday morning, not Saturday night, not at teachers' meeting. I would suggest that the study begin the Sunday preceding the date of the teaching, and continue throughout the week. Read Sunday afternoon the lesson of the following Sunday together with your reference books, lesson leaves, commentaries, and other helps. Try to discover what points in the lesson the Great Teacher would have impressed upon your class. These points may differ with different classes. The question with you is, not what does the lesson leaf tell you is the teaching of the verses, but what, taking into consideration the character of your class, is the one or more thoughts contained in the verses that will do your class the most good. There may be several such thoughts which, as you read and reflect, will crystalize themselves as the teaching points. Write these thoughts briefly in your pocket-diary or note book and live with them through the week. Gather from the experience and the reading of the five intervening days your illustrations and your argument. You will come before your class so thoroughly saturated with the spirit of your lesson that teaching will be a delightful rather than an irksome duty. The busiest man has time for this sort of study. I consider it the most profitable and the most practical method.

If you are so situated that you must do all your studying at one time give some choice time to it; don't give the miserable dregs of some tired day; don't choose the time when the tired body demands rest for itself and for the mind; don't wind up a busy week by giving the tag-ends of your

energy to the lesson. Give to it the morning hour. See if it does not sweeten the day. See if business does not go better. See if the sun does not shine brighter, the birds sing sweeter, Heaven smile more graciously on you and through you. Don't, I beg of you, give your Sunday morning to it. Some men and women study to teach in the same manner in which they would load a gun. They pour in the powder, follow with a wad, ram it home with a few vigorous punches, set the cap, aim, and fire,—all in an incredibly short time. To change the simile I should not wonder if some of us teachers who complain so much are afflicted with spiritual dyspepsia. We have swallowed our food so fast we can't digest it, and we seek to lay the blame for our uncomfortable feeling upon the Superintendent, the Pastor, the Class, when all the time what ails us is a spiritual stomach-ache from irregular or hastily bolted meals. Mark Twain says, in speaking of the discovery of America by Columbus, that the first thing Columbus did when he landed was to go to a hotel, go up to his room, light the gas and sit down and think it over. I beg of you who are dissatisfied with your teaching that when you go to your homes you follow the example of Columbus. The trouble is, with the most of us, we are not making a business of this thing as we should. Do we realize that upon us devolves almost wholly the training and instruction of the boys and girls, in spiritual things? The parent and the State is concerned about the physical and the mental equipment of the children; but to the Sunday school teacher alone is left the care of that higher element of the child's nature,—the spiritual. The

paltry half hour on Sunday morning is in the great majority of cases the only half hour of the week in which the child receives spiritual instruction. Parents have a strange timidity in this regard, especially as the child reaches boyhood or girlhood. Almost entirely is the responsibility in this regard shifted upon the Sunday school teacher. How awful, then,—I use this word meaning it—how awful, then, is the spectacle of the teacher sitting before his class Sunday morning, hurriedly cramming enough of the lesson into himself to be able to ask a few questions of his pupils and not to appear altogether unprepared.

Where shall I prepare? Everywhere, I would say. Let your daily life and observation throughout the week furnish the illustration and inspiration for the lesson. In other words, let the whole week focus as it were, upon that lesson. But you say, I am not accustomed to this kind of thinking. No; but what you are unaccustomed to by disuse you can become accustomed to by use. Don't use the arm and you will soon have no arm to use. Don't cultivate independent thought and the power of independent thought will soon be gone. This leads me to say of lesson-helps that in them lies one of the greatest possible dangers. The devil gains advanced ground in a class when the teacher throws away her Bible for her lesson-leaves. I maintain that they have no place in the school. They certainly have no place in the teacher's hand. They have a place as a tool for the teacher's use in a preliminary survey of the lesson. Further than that I believe them to be wickedly harmful. They destroy independent thought, they tempt the teacher to delay the preparation of the lesson to the last moment when with definitions

and pronunciations and explanations galore and with illustrations ready made and questions put into his mouth, all he needs to do is to do nothing and the lesson runs itself. You say this is fanciful. It is not fanciful so far as it relates to any school that I have ever seen. It is not fanciful. Teachers are doing this more generally than we think. The fact is, I repeat, we, as teachers, a good many of us, do not mean business. We are but playing at teaching, and the boys and the girls are growing out of the Sunday school and we teachers, in the country and the city alike, are asking with heavy hearts how we can keep the young men and the young women in the schools? I tell you one reason is we do not think enough of them or appreciate enough our responsibilities to do our duty toward them as teachers. Boys and girls are keen enough to know when the teacher neglects his duty. They are quick to see the shoddy in what he offers them. Once they determine that the teacher shirks and they will shirk. Imitation is second nature with a boy, and if it is something bad it is first nature. The modern methods of Bible study are gradually putting the old book itself on the shelf. At Grand Rapids last year I took dinner with a friend and at his table sat two elderly schoolmarms of the city schools,—bright, intelligent women. I was amazed to hear one of them say, “the children are coming to know less and less of the Bible.” I suggested that I thought she must be mistaken, and then, remembering that her field of observation was infinitely wider than mine, I admitted that possibly she was right. This, too, in Grand Rapids, a city of wealth and culture, a

city of rich churches, of great preachers and teachers, and the children coming to know less and less of the Bible! My good old father is still living,—a Baptist deacon in a little town in southeastern Ohio. He never went to college as I did; he never went to city Sunday schools, with all their modern improvements, as I have; he never was in a Sunday school convention that I know of; he never could say, as I can at my age, that he had taught in Sunday school for nearly twenty years; but as compared with his knowledge of the Bible and his ability to quote it, and his faith and confidence in it, my own is not to be mentioned. The reason is he had Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and I have *Trilby*. He had the weekly newspaper if he had any, I have two dailies; he had the Bible, and I have Sunday school papers, lesson leaves, lives of Christ, commentaries, charts and pictures, till in the confusion I don't know which God said and which man said, and what with the new version and higher criticism I am often led to wonder if God ever said anything. My contention is that the teacher should begin his preparation of the lesson at least a week in advance of its teaching; that he should draw his inspiration and illustration from life as he sees it; that he should determine well in advance what points in the lesson are best adapted to his class; that he should discard all helps save as preliminary to real preparation. It is needless for me to say that adequate preparation of spirit and body should accompany the preparation of mind, but I can dwell no longer here. Much more might be said along these lines, but I must pass to the gaining and retaining pupils.

My friends, there is no secret about this. People, young and old, will go where they are wanted if the place and the associations are made attractive for them. There is nothing in itself repulsive about the religion of Jesus Christ. It is the happiest thing on this footstool. All you need to do to win people to the Sunday school is to let Christ's spirit work in it freely, and that spirit will not work in it if there are jealousies, quarrelings, bitterness, contentions, suspicion, back-biting there. The personality of the teacher has a great deal to do with the success of a class. That personality must be attractive—attractive every day of the week, in school and out. A sour visaged teacher will never hold a class. A cross teacher will not attract. There are teachers who do not fulfill the requirement in this respect; they are like the deacon's wife—remarkably even-tempered—always cross. If some teachers could see themselves as others see them they would cut their own acquaintance on the spot. The Sunday school teacher who wins pupils and keeps them need not be beautiful of face or of form, an artist may not seek her for his canvas; but beauty of character and conduct must characterize her, or all the receipes that all the Sunday school experts in the world might give her would not help her. She must not patronize her class. She must place herself in close sympathy and contact with them. She must learn something of their habits of thought and action, and govern herself accordingly. She must recognize them in the school, and on the street—certainly. I would rather make twenty awkward blunders in speaking to twenty people on the street I do not know than fail to speak to one

member of my class whom I do know. The hand-shake and the "good-morning" must be hearty and genuine and impartial. Mr. Wanamaker comes before his great school of several thousand people and as he steps upon the rostrum for the opening exercises he leans forward and, in the most kindly tone, says, "Good morning, dear teachers and scholars of the Bethany Sabbath school and visiting friends," and they answer in concert, "Good morning, dear teacher." There is a fountain playing in the middle of the room and the tinkling drops almost audibly shout, "Joy, joy;" and just in front of me (before the opening of the school) stands a young woman teacher, who has evidently been away from home and has just returned, and, pressing close upon her, caressing her, with faces all beaming with joy, are six little girls, everyone clamoring for a kiss. Joy, joy, is written all over the faces of that crowded school, from its superintendent to its tiniest pupil, and in the notes of every song, in the syllables of every word, in the breathings of every prayer. John Wanamaker started a school several years ago with a little group of poor children in a poor little room in a neglected part of Philadelphia, and out of it has grown one of the greatest churches in Christendom, and the greatest Bible class ever known. The secret? O, tell me the secret, you say. There is none to tell you except that God's spirit of love and joy has found free course in the hearts of the workers there.

What hinders your success, dear teacher? Yourself, largely; God, never.

How can I best train up a boy in the way he should go? Go that way myself. Many a boy would stay on the track

if the switch were not misplaced for him. The superintendent may be largely to blame. It is his duty to make the exercises attractive. He should vary the program, he should see that the room is bright and clean and cheerful. Flowers and pictures delight children as they do grown folks. The music should be bright and happy.

The good teacher who struggles patiently against the discouragements put in her way by a tardy, unsympathetic, unsystematic superintendent is to be pitied; and yet,—despite all the disadvantages that teacher may suffer—his sacrifice of self, his love for his class, his devotion to their good, his careful preparation of the lesson, will win the confidence, the respect, the love, the allegiance of his class. A loyal class will grow. You know this. Win for yourself the affections of your class and my word for it you need not worry for its growth in numbers. It is the little things that affect the teacher's place in the regard of the class. Here are some little things any one of which, if persisted in by the teacher, will spoil a class: Tardiness, whispering (and teachers do a vast amount of it), lack of preparation (and the class surely will discover it), inattention to the general exercises, lack of variety in class work, lack of cordiality in the class and out of it, lack of interest in them and their affairs. A teacher who is a teacher of his class for but one hour Sunday morning and a stranger to the class through the balance of the week, will not be successful in gaining or holding a class. A class spirit may well be cultivated but more than that, create a bond of personal friendship between yourself and every member of your class, so that when Sunday morning comes

they are glad because they will meet and talk with you. Greet them heartily when they come and bid them each good-bye personally. That hand-shake often goes far into the week. I make it a practice every Sunday to stand at the door and shake the hand of every member and visitor of my Bible class, and some days I have shaken hands with from four hundred to five hundred. My arm aches when I am done, and it is a relief when I turn from the door, but I rejoice to know, as I do know, that a kind word at parting has saved poor souls from going out into eternal night. I pray you, teachers, make a business of this work of Sunday school teaching.

Pray? Yes. Preach? Yes. Conventions? Yes. Books? Yes. But, oh, get the spirit of the Master first of everything and when you do, fewer questions will trouble you; for love will solve them. Do you know a good class, a good school? Seek for the reason of it, and if you do not find the heart to heart, hand to hand methods of Jesus Christ exemplified by some good people in the institution, then my observation is at fault.

Sunday school scholars, especially young men and young women, do not like controversy, hair splitting, speculations, doctrineering I will call it. What kills more Bible classes than any other one thing is a chronic controversialist, or hobby rider, who sees his pet theory or doctrine or ism in every lesson and who insists on injecting it into every class exercise. I pity you, teacher, if you have any such an one. He is a bigger problem to solve than that one about free will and predestination. My advice to you is to get him out

—gently if you can, forcibly if you must; for it is only a question, if he remains, whether you will have a Bible class at all after a while.

Be the kind leader, but nevertheless be the leader of your class.

Now as to saving the children:

We are Sunday school teachers for this purpose and no other, and strange to say we do not bring children to Christ (more often than not) because we don't ask them. We forget the great commission. We pray that the children may come and all the time the ivy is growing over the door because we do not open and bid them enter.

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied, "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud, an' some isn't—'pends on w'at you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled bred-dern, I 'bsarved dat, w'nebber I pray de Lo'd to sen' Mars Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de old man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pray dat He would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was tended to befo' sun-up nex' mornin'."

What we need is that we go bring the children. God has prepared the hearts of the little ones. All they need frequently is your gentle, "Come." A friend called upon me one evening just after dinner, and sitting down we talked pleasantly of the weather, politics, and the happenings of the day and the neighborhood, and presently he put on his hat, said good-night, and left. In some fifteen minutes he

came rushing back, breathless, to say that he had forgotten what he had come for, and that was to invite myself and family to spend the evening at his house.

I fear we, as teachers, are acting much like this. We teach, Sunday after Sunday, of the things of time and eternity and go home to find we forgot our errand. Some times we forget it forever and the little boys and girls grow up and out of the school and we have never thought of the invitation.

Once in a while, my dear friends, it will do you good to take your class aside individually, ask them the great question, and hold open the door.

Try it, and my word for it, God will bless you and give you souls for your hire.

MASONRY, AND THE YEAR BEFORE US.

*INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED ON BEING INSTALLED
AS MASTER OF CORINTHIAN LODGE, F. AND A. M., AT
THE MASONIC TEMPLE IN DETROIT, JAN., 1897.*

Worshipful Sir, and Brothers and Friends of Corinthian Lodge:—Agreeable to a custom adopted in this Lodge, it becomes my duty as well as pleasure to address you upon this occasion. Allow me to preface my remarks, however, by requesting that you be patient with me if my discourse betrays lack of due preparation, for I am, and have been for a week past, under the doctor's care and am really not in fit condition to appear before you in any capacity. This must excuse also my reading from manuscript, which sort of address I am not accustomed to make. I would be unfaithful to my duty and would do violence to my own desire in the matter if I were to say nothing on this occasion so important to me, and, I trust and pray, so important to Corinthian Lodge. I have thought that if I could not enter into so learned a disquisition upon Masonry as did my worthy predecessor on the occasion of the last installation, I could at least express to you my grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon me and outline to you something of my aspirations in connection with the office to which you have chosen me. Before speaking in this direction, however, I would say a few words that occur to me in regard to

Masonry in general, for the profit, and, I trust, pleasure of any who may be present who are not members of the Ancient Order.

Ponderous books have been written by men who have spent their lives in the study of ancient mysteries, to show that Masonry had its beginning with the very dawn of history. The question may well be left with antiquarians; it can be of no vital or really profitable use to us. We live in an age that is essentially "up-to-date." The fact that a thing is old has little weight in the estimation of the practical thought of to-day, which only asks, what is it worth now, what is its value in the present, what influence for good or evil does it now exert, is it a factor that will go to affect the future? Whatever may have been the status of Masonry in the days of the Pharos and Ptolemies, or in the days of the Medes and Persians, or the Greeks and the Romans; whatever good purpose it may have served during the dark ages when superstition and oppression reigned throughout the world to keep burning the fires of true patriotism and to keep alive a spirit of true fraternity among men; whatever value it may have had several centuries ago as sowing the seed of liberty of thought and speech, and freedom of action, that finally blossomed forth in Magna Charta in England, in the reformation in Germany, and, some time later, in the great revolution in France; whatever of value the institution might have had in the early days of our own country in fostering the spirit of fraternity and binding together by closer ties the immortal patriots of the revolution when George Washington was at the head of the

American craft and Benjamin Franklin was high up in its councils; whatever, I say, may have been its history, as the great stream of Masonry has flowed on through the ages gathering to itself force and volume by the gathering to itself, from a million sources, elements of strength and influence, and by the gathering about its altars the greatest and best of men of all ages and all civilized lands, the question most to be considered not only by Masons themselves but by men who may from time to time consider the advisability of joining the institution, is, what has Masonry to offer now? Of what value is it in this day and age of the world? What place does it occupy in the busy life of the latter part of the 19th century? Is its mission fulfilled? Or is it still a living force with a living purpose and a right to continued existence?

To answer these important questions the fundamental principles of Masonry should be understood. Masonry, while a religious institution, is not a religion. That some men make it a religion is not the fault of the institution itself any more than are the beauties of nature to be held to account for their being made objects of worship, as they have been in all ages of the world. So good have seemed the principles of the Order, so little subject to criticism by even the most captious, that some men in the enthusiasm of their study and observation have thrown themselves down before it as before their God, and have offered up to it their adorations, forgetting that principles and rules of action and laws of right-doing are the creatures and not the creator,—the will of God rather than God Himself. Modern Masonry, and

here I say modern Masonry because however far back we go for the beginnings of the stream, we must recognize a difference in that stream at the various stages of its progress, just as a river will partake of the color and character of the soil and surroundings through which it flows, varying in volume, in depth, in swiftness of current, in smoothness of surface, in color, in taste and even in smell according to the character of the bottom over which it flows and the banks beneath which it runs,—modern Masonry seems to have been constructed or grown around the idea that men have sought and are ever seeking central and vital truths upon which all may unite. Universal brotherhood has been the ideal toward which social reformers, philosophers, and statesmen of the better class, have been looking ever since Luther awakened the idea of freedom of religious thought, ever since Gutenberg gave the printing press to the world, and ever since Columbus opened up the path of discovery. But universal brotherhood without some great central principles upon which all men may unite as a basis of fraternal action must forever remain a philosopher's dream.

I am here to say that Masonry is practically the only institution the world has ever seen that has collected to itself, and that teaches in every word of its ritual and every act of its ceremonial, those universal principles and rules of right action—and only those—upon which all men of whatever class, condition, sect, nationality, and political opinion may unite. So broad and so universally recognized have been these principles and rules that underlie the Masonic Fraternity that never in all its wonderful history, extending

through centuries and throughout every civilized country, no division of opinion, no separation into parties, no clash or conflict has ever taken place respecting them. Within the broad borders of Masonry there can never occur what has divided the body of Christ's people into an hundred more or less antagonistic bodies. The foundation stone, therefore, of Masonry universal is universal truth. This universal truth is not only the foundation of Masonry, it is Masonry itself. From the moment the applicant for initiation steps within the portals of the Lodge to the moment when he is declared to be a Master Mason and entitled to all the rights and benefits thereof, every step of his progress, every word that he hears, every word that he utters, every object upon which his eyes rest, every sound that greets his ears is a manifestation in some form, distinct, clear and impressive, of universal truth in some of its many aspects. It may be virtue, it may be fortitude, it may be courtesy, it may be charity, it may be benevolence, it may be in honor preferring one another, it may be care for the defenseless, it may be sympathy for the oppressed, it may be filial affection, it may be reverence to God, it may be now one, now another of these, but first or last, let me say it to the everlasting honor of Masonry, before the seeker after truth shall have finished his progress, he will have learned all that is contained in what St. James writes in the New Testament is pure religion and undefiled, "to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." I make the assertion that there is not one virtue, not one heroic trait of religious character, not one

grand and enduring principle of morality to be found between the covers of the Book of Books that is not taught before the altar of a Masonic Lodge.

You will not misunderstand me when I say that the church has much to learn of Masonry. I have been impressed with the thought that the church, divine in its religion, its mission, its ministry, and its works, pays too much attention to the duty man owes to God and too little to the duty man owes to his fellowmen. There is one thing of which Masonry may well be proud. Masons are taught to love one another. This injunction finds repeated utterance in the Lodge, and the ritual and ceremonial, both by example and illustration, impress it.

Without seeming to draw too dark a picture of the future, I yet feel that the coming generation has before it for settlement some of the mightiest problems the world has ever met. It does not require a prophet to see that the unsettled social conditions that now exist, the growth of selfishness, and avarice, manifesting itself in hurtful combinations, are hurrying our civilization on to a conflict between the various forces of society, the character of which must cause even the stoutest of us to shudder. At no time in the history of the world has there been greater need for the spread of the spirit of fraternity, forbearance, patience,—in a word, of the spirit of brotherly love. Such a spirit is not taught in the exchanges, in the market places, in politics. Nowhere, I claim, can it be found taught by precept and example as it is within the Masonic Lodges. If you will look for a true democracy you will not find it in any Christian

church of which I have knowledge. In most with which it has been my fortune to be acquainted the brother with the longest pocket-book has the best seat, while the poor widow with nothing but her mite either has no seat at all or finds an obscure one where she can worship God not only unobserved, but unobserving. The proud boast of Masonry is that within the Lodge room we meet upon the level. We recognize neither differences of political opinion, differences of religious opinion, differences of pocket-book, differences of caste, nor differences of social station. No differences are recognized within this room save differences of worth and merit. For the orderly dispensation of the work, officers are required, but in the choice of these the Lodge is supposed to choose, and generally does choose, those who best can work and best agree.

During the dark ages the religion of Jesus Christ, trampled almost from off the earth by the barbarous hordes of the north and the south, was kept alive by the pious monks within their cloisters, hidden away for generations, awaiting the oncoming of a newer and a better age. It is interesting to note the analogy. During the reign of oppression that existed for many centuries in England, France and Germany the only spots where the principles of religious and political liberty, the only oases in the immense deserts of oppression where true fraternity between man and man bloomed in living colors were the old Masonic Lodges. Here were kept alive the seed principles of brotherhood and equality which the world had for centuries forgotten.

If strife must come, as I have hinted is possible, between the conflicting elements of society; if a social upheaval is

necessary and a reconstruction of our political and social systems required, may not Masonry again play the part, indeed, may she not now be playing the part, of a conservator of these fundamental principles which men through passion and prejudice are so prone to forget? In the providence of God may not this great institution, founded upon His eternal truths, form the right wing of Jehovah's army in the coming conflict ready to spring full panoplied into the field to do battle, not for the supremacy of class, of sect, or of opinion, but for the preservation of those good principles which form the basis of all true society.

To return, therefore, to the question I asked in the beginning,—to what purpose is Masonry now, I would answer, in order that she may continue to teach and preserve the fundamental truths which all men must recognize, and more particularly that she may conserve the spirit of fraternity and of brotherly love that history has shown us men are prone to lose.

Now, my brothers of Corinthian Lodge, a few words to you particularly:

I believe I appreciate thoroughly the dignity and the responsibility of the office to which you have called me. I know your anxiety that the affairs of this Lodge may be administered with fidelity and with zeal. You want that we shall hold all the ground we have gained in the four years since tremblingly and yet with confidence we wrote over our banner the new name—Corinthian, and went forth to make that name illustrious, and also that we make material advances. I think I understand the temper of the men of this

Lodge. They have shown in the past that they will let nothing stand in the way of achieving their cherished ends. When leaving the old "Oriental" home they went out, something like the Puritans from the old world, because they had set up for themselves an ideal home which they longed to make a real one.

I joined you in that hope. I met with you in the solemn stillness of secret retreats to plan not rebellion against our mother but peaceable separation.

I sympathize with you in your every aspiration for Corinthian Lodge. Nay, perhaps I go farther than do you. I now ask the privilege of hinting at one or two points of vantage that I wish we might take and occupy during the coming year.

I believe the time has come in our life as a Lodge when we should begin to practice that virtue which we teach, but which we are slow to practice, namely, Economy. I think it may be truly said that we have shown superhuman faith in ourselves in the past few years in the way we have expended money for the machinery of our work. I rejoice that we are, though young, yet rich in all the accessories of our work. The candidate who takes his degrees in this Lodge is certainly highly favored.

Having attained to excellence in this particular I shall ask the Lodge, now that we have done so much, to pursue for a time a policy of retrenchment. Not that we may merely lay up money, for I have always held that a Masonic Lodge has little business with a bank account as such, but that we may have money and having it, spend it for charitable and useful purposes outside of those purposes which

may be termed selfish and personal. The wealth to make us boast is not the wealth of gilded ceremonials. Those deeds of charity we have done will stay forever with us ; and that wealth we have so bestowed we only keep. The other is not ours. The genius of Masonry, my brothers, does not consist in frequenting established meetings, or decorating ourselves with the insignia belonging to our profession. If there be a brother that dare pass by his neighbor in distress, or because he himself possesses the light, would turn the blind man out of his way, acknowledge him not. The name of brother is an empty sound, indeed, if we refuse our hand to one fallen into a pit, disdain to relieve the sorrows of the widow and the orphan, or discard from our lives the exercise of charity.

A Masonic Lodge is not free from the danger of forgetting practical charity. One of the unfortunate circumstances surrounding our Lodge is that there is so little call upon us for an exercise of Masonic charity. Unhappy the man who reaches a position where he ceases to feel the great pulsating heart of humanity. Unhappy and unfortunate too the Lodge that finds no requirement for the exercise of that greatest of Masonic virtues,—not merely benevolence, but beneficence.

All hail the day, I say, when we shall as quickly and as often and as cheerfully draw out our warrants for Masonic charity as we do for the gilt and glitter of Masonic ceremonials.

In the matter of accuracy, in my work, and in the work of my subordinate officers, I hope I may meet the demands of

the most exacting of my brothers ; may I ask in return their faithful support in an effort to make the year one of good work and plenty of it, a year of careful and conscientious effort to upbuild not only Corinthian Lodge, but Masonry generally, by a wise application in our own lives of the useful lessons we here learn.

In conclusion let me express the hope and indict the prayer to the Grand Architect of the Universe that this Lodge may inspire and preserve the love and respect of all who learn of her ; that she may be liberal in the promotion of all good and useful undertakings. May the indigent and distressed at all times be subjects of her sympathy and concern ; may her charity flow in quiet, but constant streams from a fountain that is at no time suffered to sustain the smallest diminution, and may no pursuit of hers, however momentous, be permitted to interrupt her systematic attention to the children of want.

Let us also remember that while we are to act with especial regard to the well doing and the well being of those of the "Household of Faith," yet God hath made mankind one mighty brotherhood, himself their Master, and the world their Lodge. The prophetic words of Freemasonry's immortal laureate bard are ever re-echoed in faith and hope and triumph by all true brothers of the mystic tie :

"Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that.

* * * * *

That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

BETA BACHELORS.

*DELIVERED AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE FOUNDERS
OF THE BETA THETA PI COLLEGE FRATERNITY, AT
THE BURNET HOUSE IN CINCINNATI, IN 1895.*

For fear that a riot may occur during the progress of my speech, when it is discovered that I am not a bachelor, I think I had better avert a lynching by making the confession and tendering the apology now.

In trying to conjure up within myself the spirit of the bachelor so that I might appear, at least, upon speaking terms with my subject, I am reminded that I was born a bachelor, and I remember the yelp of despair I let loose when I discovered the fact. For a few brief years I experienced the questionable joys of the bachelor life until one fine day in June ten years ago I slipped my trolley and became thenceforth a monomaniac on baby foods and first assistant tacks collector in my humble home. Until a few hours ago I had hoped to conceal this fact, but while telling Brother Hepburn how glad I was that we bachelors were to be given a chance to-night, Brother Beal, who prides himself on an intimate acquaintance with me, which acquaintance has often cost me pain and embarrassment, came up and abruptly asked me how I left the babies. Whereupon, my presence of mind, at no time a very stable quantity, took the wings of the morning—or rather, of the evening. To add

to my discomfiture, the aroma of paregoric from a bottle of the stuff that Beal carries with him as a weapon of offense and defense against a little Beal-zebub,—or rather Bub-ze-Beal—began to assail the nostrils of Hepburn. I then gave all up as lost. I then knew that concealment was vain.

From the fact that the committee selected a married man for this toast, I conclude that the committee is composed of bachelors and that they had one of four reasons for doing so: Either, first, bachelor Betas are so modest³ they can not bear to hear themselves talk; or second, they wished to shine by borrowed lustre; or third, they feared exposure might result if they asked one of their own number to talk, preferring one or two stray shots from one who indistinctly sees the mark at which he aims rather than the well-directed shots of one who knows whereof he shoots; or fourth, they cherished the diabolical purpose of showing off their own virtues by placing before you a brother so thoroughly saturated with matrimony as to present a horrible example.

But may not a married man be the fittest person after all to respond to this toast?

A writer—anonymous when he wrote it—so truly and beautifully pictured the joys and sorrows of a married life, that critics said, the man who wrote “The Reveries of a Bachelor” must be a married man. The author, in a preface to a subsequent edition, thanked the critics for having spoken so kindly of him and expressed the wish that the thought were as true as it was kind, “and yet,” he adds, “I am inclined to think that bachelors are the only safe and secure observers of all the phases of married life. The rest

of the world have their hobbies, and by law as well as by immemorial custom are reckoned unfair witnesses in everything relating to their matrimonial affairs."

If this be good reasoning, may not married men be the only safe and secure observers of all the phases of bachelor life? Certain it is, all bachelors have their hobbies, and however unfair witnesses as to matrimonial affairs may be husband and wife, surely no bachelor will turn state's evidence and "peach" on himself and his "pals."

If, then, it is an allowable presumption that a married man is the best witness as to bachelors' ways and character, the speaker who stands before you claims a right to the floor from having married as early and as hard as the law allows, from having stayed married with a persistence worthy of a better cause, and, furthermore, from having been a parent as often and as fast as indulgent nature and an over-kind Providence would permit.

Having proven to you my right to life, liberty and the pursuit of my subject, and that I am not a total misfit, I proceed to add my mite (I trust it may not prove a subtraction from it) to the splendor of this great event in the life of our beloved fraternity.

According to my observations there are all sorts of bachelors as there are all sorts of benedicts:

The timid bachelor who starts at the rustle of a gown—a shyness that generally comes from thinking too much of one's self; the bold, bad bachelor who rushes in where angels fear to tread; the society bachelor whose chief glory

lies in the creases in his trousers and the amount and variety of his twaddle; the irreproachable bachelor for whom God forgot to make, and has since declared he never will make, a fit partner; the gastronomic bachelor to whom the proper turn of a beefsteak and the correct art of dining out is the chief end of man; the disappointed bachelor who is a prey to the blear-eyed old fable that a man can love but once (which every college boy knows to be false), who, sitting down in the ashes of some old love, refuses to do the Phoenix act or be resurrected until about 10:30 p. m. in life some sugar-cured old maid gets on her skates and glides nimbly over the icy indifference of his exterior into his little dried-up heart; the promiscuous bachelor, so spread out in his affections and consequently so thin in places that the dear girls all see through him, and for whom I adapt rather awkwardly a verse of Owen Meredith:

The man who seeks one woman in life, and but one,
May hope to win her before life be done;
But he who seeks all women, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes that around him he sows
A harvest of bitter regrets.

Then there is the Beta Bachelor and here my Pegasus sprouts his wings and tail feathers.

The Creator has left no department of his universe without some examples of his best workmanship. He made man, and to show what he could do were he to try he made an Abraham, a Moses, a Solomon, a Confucius, a Socrates. He made woman, and you remember the good Book says: "The Lord made the earth in six days and said it was good

and rested." He made man and said he was good and rested. He then made woman out of the rib of a man, but no mention is made of his resting, and there has been no rest for God or man ever since. He made woman, and to show what he could do he made your mother and mine, and the mothers of our children. He made the girls—God bless them—and as the tip top of creation in this line he made the Beta girls, "pure and lovely, passing fair, who with brightest smiles enliven all our way." He made the forests and he made the giant trees of the Sierra Nevadas. He made the nations, and to prove his skill he made this glorious land of ours. He made, I verily believe, the college fraternity, and to show what he could do at his best he made as the joy and inspiration of ten thousand hearts and lives, our Beta Theta Pi. He made Betas, and as models he made a Knox, a Hepburn, a Lozier, a Ransom. Then to show that he didn't care much what he made, he made bachelors. Then some woman said, "God made him, let him pass for a man." Then for fear every one would pass and nobody would order him up, he took a brand-new piece of clay and by working overtime made the best bachelor he knew how, and putting him on the shelf to dry, he called it a Beta Bachelor. And he has been on the shelf ever since—and for that matter he has been dry ever since.

The Beta Bachelor is the ideal bachelor. His blushes are not the hectic flush of the dissipated dilettante, but the external decoration of a pure and guileless heart; his conversation evidences a cultured mind; his conduct betrays nature's gentleman. His handshake expresses the heart of good fellowship.

You may say I am drawing the long bow, and that reminds me: Two boys stood on a street corner disputing. A benevolent stranger overheard it and said, "Tut, tut, boys, don't quarrel, settle your differences; what is it all about anyway?" One boy spoke up, saying: "He said his grandfather was eighteen feet high and I said, 'Oh, what a whopper. He couldn't go in a door, or sit at a table or lie in a bed, nor nothin'.' Then I said, 'but maybe he could, it depends on where he grow'd. Out in California they have trees 300 feet high and 100 feet around, and my grandfather killed a snake out there three miles long.' And he said, 'Oh, what a whopper.'"

"Well, boys," said the stranger, "better harmonize your differences; can't you each come down a little?" Then the tall grandfather boy looked sullen, and the long snake boy said, "Then let him take off twelve feet from the height of his grandfather and I'll take a mile off my snake, and maybe we can agree." And so I say if my brothers who preceded me will take something off the enthusiasm of their statements I will agree to abate a little of mine; but I don't want to compromise. The Beta bachelor lacks but one thing. "Capital composition," said Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, examining a picture he wished to praise, "correct drawing, color, tone, lights and shadows—excellent; but it wants—THAT," snapping his fingers. The Beta bachelor is clean, he is sober, he is cultured, he is whole-hearted, but he wants—THAT. And "that" is about 150 pounds of Beta femininity.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to say a word to the bachelor lover who, like a ripe berry on the sunny side of the bush,

is about to fall into the basket. With all due respect to the girl of your choice, let me picture to you the girl that you need. I quote from Dr. John Hall:

"The girl you need is the girl who is mother's right-hand; the girl who can cuddle the little ones next best to her mother; smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; the girl whose father takes comfort in her for something better than beauty, and whose big brothers are proud of her for something that out-ranks the ability to dance or shine in society; good girls,—girls who are sweet right straight out from the heart to the lips; innocent, pure and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil doing at twenty than the pert little school girl of ten has, all too often; careful and prudent girls who think enough of the generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort and of the gentle mother who denies herself that they may have pretty things, to count the cost and draw the line between the essentials and the non-essentials; unselfish girls who are eager to be a joy and comfort in the home rather than an expense and useless burden; girls with hearts that are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ills, and smiles that light outward their own beautiful thoughts. You can find "lots" of clever girls and brilliant girls and witty girls; what you bachelors want is a consignment of jolly girls, warm-hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folk, and with little desire to shine in this garish world. With such a girl by your side, life would freshen up for you as the weather does under the spell of a summer shower."

I have wondered, in the Beta Bachelor's presence, how the lone traveler can be so genial. In times past, my home has been a favored wayside inn whose doors have swung wide open to the Beta Bachelor, wandering and footsore, and I betray no confidences when I say that in the quiet glow of my library fire, amid domestic tranquility the most seductive, I have seen the veil of the temple rent in twain, and have got a glimpse within the Holy of Holy to see the sacred fire still burning upon the altar. All Beta Bachelors, my sisters, have not hung their harps upon the willows, for I have heard its strings vibrate with such tremulous tenderness and such plaintive sweetness that I have thought the very genius of love had touched them, and as I have helped him don his overcoat and seen him turn with a shudder of reluctance out into the lonely night, I have wondered what in the deuce the matrimonial bureaus could be doing with so much good material floating around unused. And as I have watched his retreating form I have said, "poor fellow, he's got it and don't know it," then I have shut the door and with a sad yet thankful heart I have blown out the gas and gone to my wife and little ones.

But what if I were to openly proclaim, "There are no Beta Bachelors!" Will you question the assertion?

Let me recall to the mind of each one of you other days—days perhaps long gone by. Do I not see you in all the strength and beauty of your young manhood standing "at an altar, sending love's sweet incense high," your heart swelling with mingled pride and anticipation, and at your side a vision

Fair, oh so fair,
Thou art fairer, dear Beta,
Than earth knows beside.

Do I not catch from your lips strong vows of eternal
fidelity to her

“Long as time shall last or earth shall have a day.”

Do I not see you, in the presence of your brothers, registering a promise in High Heaven that you will

Cherish no love for another
Tho' queenly and charming she be.

Have you forgotten this union and this solemn marriage vow? Then you wrote home about it; parents in some cases rebelled, but sooner or later came the “Bless you, my children.” You held high carnival in the care-free heyday of your young married life, and be it said to the credit of both of you, you have courted and loved her more as the years have gone on.

Then the children came! What? I, a staid old bachelor with wife and children? Yes; and it is a wise father that knoweth his own children. The children came. They crept into your heart by day and by night. They filled every crevice of your life. They warmed you with their kisses. They drove the cares of the day into the blessed oblivion of the night,—your children—yours by the fair bride you took at that altar in the other days. Children of fancy—of dreams—of memory—yes, but none the less yours and hers. They bear the marks of their lineage; they are

different from other men's children. You would not exchange them for theirs, and when the evening of life comes on and you fall to musing before the dying embers you will hear the voices of these children. You will hear them when other sounds grow dim, and I verily believe that, clear and distinct above the harmonies that will greet you on the other shore, you will hear the sweet voices of these bright, beautiful, memory children of Beta Theta Pi.

DOES THE CHURCH SHRINK FROM CONTACT WITH PRACTICAL LIFE?

*DELIVERED BEFORE THE "BUSINESS MEN'S CLASS"
OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
DETROIT, NOVEMBER 10, 1896.*

The question is one that demands an understanding of its terms. Let us try to reach that understanding.

In the first place, "church," I take it, means the great body of Christ's followers, the world over and of whatever name, as it exists to-day. "Contact" means touch,—physical touch as the outgrowth of a desire to be near, to deal with, to associate and mingle with. In a sense, all life is "practical life," so I presume by this expression is meant REAL life as opposed to ideal or imaginative life; in other words, the life of the valley and the plain, of hard work-a-day facts and men, human joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, success and failure, as opposed to the mountain top of superhuman exaltation, joy, peace, such as the three disciples found on the Mount of Transfiguration which they longed should be their eternal abiding place, forgetful of their brethren in the valley and of the duties the Master had laid upon them. "Shrink" means draw back, retire, as from danger; recoil physically because of fear, horror, distrust. One scarcely shrinks because of indifference, but there must be mental fear, horror, distrust or distaste. Such was the

shrinking of the Pharisee who passed by on the other side, withdrawing himself from the presence of a distasteful sight, so different from the unorthodox Samaritan in the story. The subject has relation, I take it, to church methods, ideas and work. So the question, robbed of its general terms, may be said to be, Do the great body of Christ's followers, taken as a whole, recoil or draw away from actual sympathy and direct touch with common, every-day life and its problems?

The question is an important one for the church to consider because men are asking it on the rostrum, in the press, on the street, in the shop, and some are doing so in the pulpit. Only yesterday, sitting in a barber's chair, my barber said to me, "If the Christian people as a whole in this country would stand up solidly against the saloon, it would be robbed of most of its cursed fruits, if not altogether banished." It is a very general complaint, on the part of non-church people, that the church manifests no sympathy with the common, every-day problems of life. In this case my barber would have admitted to me that the church taught temperance, that the Sunday school taught temperance, that most Christian men were temperance men, but does the church as a whole shrink from direct and immediate contact with this evil? To make it clear, you say, in the abstract, that our religion teaches justice, that therefore, least of all, should a Christian church owe money. So when at the end of the year a debt appears, you wise men get together, you face the evil, you devise a plan, you propose it to the church, your church rises to a man and you

put an end to the evil. The outsider sees the problems of poverty, of dependence, of crime, of intemperance, of municipal reform arising out of actual conditions subversive of morality and Christianity, degrading to the community and to every individual in it, threatening the perpetuity of good government and the welfare of his children, and he looks to this great engine—the greatest engine for good the world has ever seen—and asks, How do you meet these questions? With the sword of the Lord? or not at all?

So the question is an important one. The good name of the church and of its glorious Founder is at stake. If such things are not for the church as a whole to act upon, but for the individual as an individual, is it for the church as a whole to instruct the individual through its ministers in these matters? The question is well worth the asking, and answers will be various. Our question is a direct one and asks for a yes or a no.

In answering this question we inevitably think of the churches within our observation. We think of our friend Wood's church and we say, no, she doesn't shrink at anything; we think of some of our Fort street or Jefferson avenue, and possibly some of our Woodward avenue churches, and we hesitate before saying, no. But our range of vision is limited and, at most, our answer must be a matter of opinion, largely biased by our feelings and by what we have read, and our reading is liable to lead us to extremes of antagonism to the church unless we take great care. I have for about a year been the leader of a Bay View Reading Circle—one of the integral parts of the Methodist Chautauqua. One of our studies was sociology and the readings

put into the hands of the thousands of young men and young women pursuing this study had the following headings:

1. There is a social problem. In the last analysis it is none other than the distribution of wealth.
2. Christianity is the cause of our social problems.
3. It is the failures of Christians that perpetuate and intensify social problems.
4. The failures of Christians are due to the failures of Christian preachers.

This is a severe arraignment, and a great church through one of its agencies substantially admits its truth when it places this book in the hands of the young.

If it is so, and if the church admits it, that our social problems are problems because of the laziness, the indifference, un-Christlikeness of the church, then, in the name of all that is good, let the church prostrate itself before God and ask His forgiveness and rise to a new manner of life.

My own answer to the question asked is that the church is slowly and laboriously becoming more practical in its work, that it does shrink from contact with daily life and its problems, but that it is coming more and more into sympathy with them. I do not think, in all fairness, a yes or a no can be given to the question.

One trouble with us nowadays when we come to reform things and to philosophize and to criticize, is that we become impatient. We want to see the old world remade in a minute. We forget that God was working away on this planet several years before we came here, and that He will

be here several years after we leave. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," etc. It took many thousand years of error and sin to prepare for Christ, and the student of history will tell you that the cause of evil was never so triumphant in the history of the world as it was the night when the star rested over Bethlehem. One need be only a casual reader of history to know that since that first Christmas night this world has every morning been bathed in a clearer, purer sunshine, and the conscientious student of history will tell you that Christ working through His visible church upon the hearts of men has brought about the transformation.

If you want a hopeful, joyful religion in your heart, and a philosophy that will bear you up amid the clash of conflicting opinions and the threatened ruin of existing conditions, read the history of the church of Christ and with it the history of civilization and note the men who have led in all the onward movements of mind and matter. You will find them God-fearing men of the church of God, inspired by His loving word.

The Christian church, I hold, is doing more to better the conditions and the daily life of men and women, the world over, than all other agencies combined. The power and effectiveness of the church is exerted in ways the world can not well measure—hence the reason for so much unjust criticism. The method of the church is Christ's method. Men charge Christ with favoring intemperance, folly, slavery, etc., etc. Why? Because He uttered no philippics against these things. He came eating and drinking. It is remarkable how often we find Him sitting at a feast. His

companions at such feasts were not very orthodox. He preserved a poor, outcast woman of the town from insult by bidding her stay at His side and rebuking her assailants. He urged servants to obey their masters. The church has largely been subject to the same criticism—unjust to a degree, because of a misconception of Christ and His teaching. Modern reform strikes at the offspring of evil, while Christ and Christianity seek to slay the parent of evil. At the root of all social problems lie great principles, great laws, great tendencies. It is here that Christ sought to work. Once you have made love the ruling motive of a man's life—love to God and his fellow-man—and you have solved a thousand problems for him; you have made him a steady force for good to himself, to his neighbor, to the State. All effort at reform from other motives than those that lie at the basis of Christian character must of necessity be ephemeral in their results. The force exerted in this world toward better things is a constant, though slow-working force,—and such was the work of Jesus Christ. I believe that had Christ assumed to be the earthly king of the Jews He would have been accepted, and, as such, would have ruled the land of His fathers and, by His word, a new order of things would have come about: Miracle would have followed miracle, Roman armies would have been pushed into the sea by an invisible hand; every leper in the broad land would have leaped with joy over a miraculous cure; every poverty-stricken Jew would have had plenty and to spare: but it did not so please God, and, at

His horrible death, the Church of Jesus Christ, that stood about the foot of the cross, was John the beloved and a few women,—that's all.

The Christian church must learn the lesson of patience. It has undertaken in times past to subdue the world—sometimes by the sword, the gallows, the whipping post, the pillory, the stocks, statutes written in blood, persecution, withdrawal into monasteries and shutting out the world while praying and fasting, long pilgrimages and horrible penances; but God would not so have it.

Through all this tribulation the Christian church has come purified into a new life—a life that is trying to save the world by teaching that individual character must lie at the basis of national and municipal character.

Non-Christian philanthropy is largely inefficient. That is so because it is spasmodic. I saw the other day that the wonderful (wonderful while it lasted) “slumming campaign” set on foot by certain fashionable elements in our great cities was rapidly losing its force, and that the enterprise was falling back again into the hands of the faithful Christian workers who had done it for years before this world-heralded project was started. Christian influence and work is all-pervasive. The world complains, and largely so because it does not see this work. Much Christian work is done—and done purposely—in secret, with no purpose and no desire for notoriety. Great public benefactions and efforts for the amelioration of men, if in all cases not in the hands of professed Christians, are yet inspired by Christian teaching. A Christian mother, long

since dead, is often back behind the scenes, when some great public benefactor startles the community with some good and generous deed.

The church does not do all she may do, but she is and will remain the greatest force in settling the practical problems of the day. Ask the associated charities of the city whence comes their money and help. Why one church, in our city,—a small church not on one of our great thoroughfares—gave more money last year to the poor and the needy than all the lodges of Masons and Odd-fellows in this city combined, and yet this one virtue of charity is the special pride of these orders.

The churches are often unwise in their expenditures and in their work, and there are many totally useless churches whose Christianity is as dead as a stone. There is money enough spent for fancy music in four or five of our churches to put a Sunday school and a church in every Godless neighborhood in our county,—which I happen to know is one of the most church forsaken counties—outside of Detroit—in the United States.

We send dollars by the thousands to foreign lands, and yet almost within sound of the chimes of city churches are whole townships in this county without a Sunday school, and not in them a man who could lead one in prayer.

The church is a human instrument and, so, fallible. It has not reached the height of its efficiency, but I hope it will never get away from its first duty,—to preach Christ crucified and the individual soul's relation to its Creator, for

when it does do this it is in a fair way of practicing the old experiment of trying to uproot the tree by snuffing at its blossoms.

Does the church shrink from contact with practical life? It does, to a degree. It does not to the extent commonly supposed. It strikes at evil, but not in man's way—in God's.

NEWSPAPER ETIQUETTE.

WRITTEN IN BOSTON, TO BE DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, IN HOTEL CADILLAC, DETROIT, FEB., 1897, AND READ BEFORE THAT BODY.

Gentlemen of the Michigan Press Association :—

“Newspaper Etiquette” requires of me at this time that I prepare for you a paper to be read at your Tuesday afternoon meeting. I had expected to be present with you and deliver these words in person, but the whirligig of time has bobbed around so unaccountably of late that, while fully anticipating meeting with you, I am in Boston, and cannot do so.

Were I a more distinguished citizen than I am I would say nothing by way of excuse, for it is the privilege of eminent people to give no reason for their actions, but, being of little account myself, I must say something or forever be accused of an unpardonable discourtesy to brethren of the craft.

What I shall say must take the place of what I ought to say on the subjects, “Newspaper Etiquette” and “The Benefits of Newspaper Advertising,” both of which subjects have been assigned me. Whether I can treat the two subjects in one paper remains to be seen. My grandfather,

so tradition says, could write with both hands at one time and on two distinct subjects, his hands moving in opposite directions, his eyes closed and his feet in repose.

I have always prided myself on having inherited some of his freak characteristics, and as not the least important of these,—the power of writing in such a way that the most expert critics could not identify the subject or classify the idea.

This happy faculty, not possessed by many outside of the newspaper fraternity, will permit me to present my paper on "Newspaper Etiquette" and respond to the toast "The Benefits of Newspaper Advertising," at one and the same time.

I reached Boston via the Michigan Central lines, Friday afternoon. I deem it nothing but the commonest kind of common "newspaper etiquette" to acknowledge the fact that I took this route to Boston, as we, the most of us at least, are indebted to the Michigan Central for the privilege of being here to-night. I deem it also an act of common "newspaper etiquette" to say that the farther east one goes the larger become the holes in the table cloths and the more impudent the waiters in the dining cars.

Almost any one, not riding on a pass, in a Wagner coach east of the Alleghanies, would testify that Wagner wrote the *Gotterdammerung*. Never until newspaper men are treated with proper consideration will these Wagnerian abuses be righted.

But I must hurry on to my subject, for I have only

reached Boston, and, as I found this morning on reading the Boston Herald, I am yet a long ways off from newspaper etiquette.

I had almost forgotten to request that this response of mine be read by a good reader. I do not much care who reads it, excepting J. E. Beal and W. J. Hunsaker. There is a sort of a Dr. Chase's Receipt Book tone to Beal's voice that I do not want injected into my remarks. Hunsaker won a tidy at a pedro party at my house a few weeks ago, and I am quite sure he could not forbear closing some of my most effective periods with "This has been a great year for the Journal." Indeed, when I come to think about it, this year has been a great year for us all. We never had such great deficits, never worked at such a great disadvantage; in fact, never made such failures where heretofore we have succeeded as in the year just passed. I don't want the able and popular author of this now famous saying to get an opportunity to insert any such ambiguities into my speech.

As I was saying, I reached Boston and had soon got on the outside of a four dollar and thirty-five cent a la carte dinner at "Young's," as a necessary penalty for which my wife and I have since Friday been living on toast and eggs. We hope to even up or rather down to a fair average price, about next Wednesday, at which time we shall have another meal.

"Newspaper etiquette" was beautifully exemplified yesterday when the advertising manager of the "Youth's Companion" sent up his card, and a half hour later we were

riding in a crowded car, our friend swinging his arm, like the hand of a dial, now to one point of the compass, now to the other, advertising, as was his business, to the whole crowd that we were rural visitors, and for the life of me I couldn't look intelligent, for I felt like a bridegroom from Yapville. Don't, I beg of you, beloved brethren, insist on identifying every blamed thing you speak of when showing your visitors the sights. If I can't see a ten-story building without having to sight along the arm and index finger of a long drawn out, though friendly, vade mecum, I will try to stumble along through to life's end without having seen it. And is there anything that more aggravates a man who has been married twelve years, and has had four children and forty-three changes of servant girls, than to be taken for a bridegroom just picked?

I beg of you, too, don't wear a silk hat and new kid gloves when you come east. Your wife may insist upon it, but I give you a pointer: You will do more business and eat oftener if you go dressed like yourself with just a suspicion of home smut on your collar and a man's hat on your head.

The Youth's Companion building is a wonderful monument of a wonderful success. I was led to exclaim, as we approached the massive five-story pile, what do you do inside that great building besides publish the Youth's Companion? Your paper is no bigger than some of our Michigan country weeklies, that are edited, printed and published in the room at the head of the stairs in the only two-story building in town.

"Nothing," came the reply.

"Seems to me it takes an all-fired lot of room to do nothing in," said I.

"A great many have made that remark," said he. Then that bridegroom feeling began to set in again.

Mr. Ford, who is now an old man, is the general-in-chief of this great establishment. "Perry Mason & Co.," publishers of the *Youth's Companion*, is a fiction. Mr. Ford bought out the original owner many years ago, I am told. Then mail came addressed to the original owner and to the new owner, and there was a general mix up. So the name "Perry Mason & Co." was invented in order that all the mail might come to one name. This very lucid explanation was obtained by me first-hand and is reliable. I learn that the immense success of the *Youth's Companion* is owing to the fact that throughout its history there have been no side issues to divide the interest of the publishers. The concern publishes nothing but the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Ford says no man can make the greatest success of anything whose interest is divided.

I pray you gentlemen who are trying at one and the same time to publish papers and to support your families, to remember this. If you want to succeed in either line, give up the other.

I was particularly struck by several things I noticed in the home of this prosperous paper. First, the absolute cleanliness everywhere from the engine room to the roof. The men who stood at the cases were to my somewhat distorted vision scrupulously clean. Not a scrap of paper lay on the floor. Not a thing out of place. The presses—

a score in number, all giant affairs, arranged in two imposing rows, would fire the heart of a true craftsman with the enthusiasm of battle. Then the superhuman monster that takes the printed sheets, collects them in proper order, folds them, covers and stitches them and delivers them folded to the mailer—a greedy, ambitious, beautiful beast that has driven from the building a room full of bright-eyed, busy girls, who used to run those half a hundred stitching machines that stand there in a row silent in that place forever—that has emptied those long rows of chairs, pushed under so many tables, where sat the scores of young girls whose expert fingers caught up and folded in an incredibly short time the more than half a million copies a week of this great weekly.

“What is to become of these people,” I exclaimed, “that we are fast driving out of our factories?”

“It’s brain that tells, now,” was my only answer.

“For three years we have been working to perfect this great machine, and we have it now. It’s quicker, cheaper, cleaner, better than the old way. We shall soon have a pair of them.”

In fact, duplicate machinery is the rule. Duplicate pairs of boilers, duplicate engines, duplicate presses,—a fortune spent in guarding against the slightest accident that might delay the issuing of this great American paper. The Ladies’ Home Journal, a monthly, goes to press six weeks in advance of its date of issue to get its three-fourths of a million papers into the hands of its readers. The Youth’s Companion must meet the demand of a half million or more

once every week. This paper takes no questionable advertising; indeed, no advertising matter under the head of patent nostrums and such like; makes no contracts to give special positions,—I know this by experience—and is very particular in the matter of black-face display. It built its circulation largely in the good old-fashioned way of giving premiums, and more lately by extensive advertising at certain seasons. Fifteen thousand additional copies of the Thanksgiving number have just now been run off to supply the demand made by 15,000 new subscribers more than was counted on as coming from a certain line of advertising recently done. At this—the dull—season about 500 subscriptions a day are received.

I was greatly interested in the premium department, which occupies a whole floor, and is like to an immense store in itself. The aim is to give for one new subscriber who pays \$1.75 a premium that costs 50 cents. I was shown a handsome two-jeweled nickel watch, guaranteed for three years, that is given for one new name and 50 cents, indicating that the cost price of the watch to the company is \$1.00. My friend tells me that by paying cash and buying in immense quantities in otherwise dull seasons the paper manages to get its goods at ridiculously low prices.

I also visited on this same day the largest advertising agency in New England, and the oldest in the country, and was shown a wonderful system of records. I can't take the time to explain, but I now know how it is the country weekly asks \$10.00 for space and gets 82 cents.

I have the secret. I got it when the manager's back was turned, and by the aid of a very ambitious and interesting little lady assistant in the office.

But, gentlemen of the Michigan Press Association, I digress, and I imagine you are feeling much as the old Boston lady did who died and went to heaven. Some one asked her how she liked heaven. "Well, it's not Boston."

So you may say all this is well enough, but it isn't "newspaper etiquette." Well, so it isn't, but I have at least exemplified a kind of etiquette not very common nowadays; I have given an excuse for my absence, and have done what I could, writing at a crowded table in a hotel office, somewhat weary and ill at ease from staying up late o' nights and eating Limburger cheese.

THE DEAD DEBTOR.

Horace somewhere says :

We shall not all die.

In other words, I suppose,

His debts go marching on.

Did you ever notice what a lively stir there always is among a man's creditors the moment he dies? Every debt, young and old, is at the wake. Old debts come hobbling in that ought to be ashamed of being alive, demanding a front seat and shuffling aside the younger mourners.

Is it possible a dead debtor is a more accommodating one than a live one? Sometimes. I have waited years to collect of some hide-bound old debt conjurer, and finally got satisfaction only by the route of the probate court. And how delightful is the sensation when one, after years of battling with a live debtor, is turned suddenly into the rich pastures of an estate with no one to hinder or make afraid. No wonder all the old cripples in the debt museum leap up with new life. And what an immense vitality a man's debts do possess. Outlive them? It can't be done. An old debt may outlaw; may become a carbuncle on the face of decent society; may be shunned, ridiculed and hated; but the old tattered note, with its faded ink and government stamp and plastered back, will limp down the avenues of time and meet us at the end. It would seem

to have as many lives as a cat, and like a cat, no matter how hard or far it is dropped, it will light on its feet, and come up smiling on the next occasion. Death does not end all. The "I promise" is a living, breathing thing, and demands fulfilment, when the hand that held the pen is powerless to fulfil. The spirit and the purpose of the man lives, and these the law attempts to carry out. Wise law! Beneficent law! Better, indeed, than the man himself, often! You make us brave to meet the dead debtor. No more promises to break; no more savage encounters; no more weary waiting on door steps; no more hunting in the byways and hedges, to come back, time and again, tired and discouraged.

The law opens the door, and says what the live debtor promised and failed to perform, the law will see that the dead debtor fulfils. First protecting the widow and children, it tenderly cares for "the man with the bill," and, for that, all honor to the law, and thanks to a kind Providence, who has forever made it possible for the dead debtor to be more civil, in many cases, than the live one, and easier to handle.

AROUND OUR CHAPTER FIRE.

*AN EVENING IN THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY
"CHAPTER HOUSE."*

Our chapter fire is not always bright. Perhaps we should not always expect the full, even glow. Discord and strife will creep in. To-night the flames flicker and cast ghastly shadows on the wall. Our fuel is poor; it sputters and sizzles on the hearth like angry demons. We poke it, and turn it, and hover about it, but still the cold and the wind creep in. We are not so merry and confident to-night. There is a lack of sympathy and that usual freedom of intercourse. We half suspect ourselves and our brothers of disloyalty. There is no direct evidence of treason, but there is an indefinable something in the atmosphere that chills us to the marrow. Our fuel, perhaps, is not well-seasoned, or is rotten at the core. We are inclined to seek for the blame elsewhere than in ourselves, and instead of falling heartily to work to find better fuel we satisfy ourselves by piling on more of the same sort, in the false belief that it is more fuel that we want. We try a song, but it sounds so weird and blends so inharmoniously with the whistle of the wind that we do not repeat the attempt. Old Tab wanders about from place to place in search of a warm spot on which to take her ease, and the passerby hurries on happy in the prospect of a brighter fire at home. To

bid him enter and partake of our miserable hospitality is to meet with a pitying smile and an assurance that there is brighter cheer elsewhere.

This can only result in added discomfort, and as, one by one, the tiny flames, hopeful at first, flicker and die out we fall into bitter reproachings. Then some of us put on our great coats, pull our caps over our ears, and, with scarce a regret or a word of parting, leave the chapter fire and push out into the night to seek warmth and shelter elsewhere. We who remain make a brief effort to fan the dying embers to a blaze; we pledge again our friendship and say we will stay as long as there remains a spark of light on our chapter hearth. No song or laughter rises above the gloom; no tales are told of conquest or fierce struggle to win laurels with which to crown the image of our patron god frowning down upon us now from his place above the mantel; no plans are laid for future victories; but our feverish fancy is busy with scornful faces at the windows and derisive laughter. Perhaps we even hear amid these cruel voices those that once, 'mid brighter scenes, joined with ours about the chapter fire. Why longer shall we remain, for see, has not the chapter fire gone out?

And then there comes a weird, fierce gust; the door bursts open, our single spark springs into a flame and catches, and in the open door stands one with outstretched arms and glowing face, who years before was wont to sit before our chapter fire, and has now returned from distant lands to visit once again the scenes of earlier years. We

spring to welcome him. We grasp him by the hand and his warm grip sends the blood again coursing through our veins. We take his hat and cane and help him to the seat reserved for honored guests. Our miserable surroundings are at once forgotten and scarcely do we notice in the joy at sight of this, an elder brother, that the flame has kindled into life. Old Tab has already curled herself upon the hearth preparing for a comfortable night. Again we draw the circle 'round our chapter fire. Our guest appears scarcely to notice how few our numbers and how feeble the blaze. It is comfort and beauty to him, dear old fellow, for, if not bright, it is the chapter fire; and is it not brighter and warmer than the storm and darkness without? His mind is filled with warm memories and his heart with kindly emotion. His hair is white and his brow furrowed, but beneath the crust of winter is the verdure of spring. He is talkative to-night, and we join in hearty laughter at the recital of some chapter jest, and then again we sit silent and responsive as with tremulous tones he recalls another night when the chapter fire ran low. We feel the hot blood leap and the nerves tighten as with a burst of enthusiasm he recalls a well planned, bravely executed fight which ended in new fuel for our chapter fire, new voices in our songs and new friendships in our lives. But our chapter fire! How it crackles and leaps! How every nerve tingles with the warmth and the glow! We sing:

"From scenes of life's conflicts and trials we turn."

That song reminds us of other days. Our fire is so well going now anything will sparkle and burn in it. We shall look better to our fuel hereafter.

FOUR YEARS AND MORE HAVE GONE.

WRITTEN IN 1885. *FOUR YEARS AFTER LEAVING
COLLEGE.*

Four years and more have gone;
And yet it seems to me but yester-eve
We lay on verdant crown of *"sugar-loaf"
And listened to the dying notes of day,
And watched with quiet joy the full-orb'd sun descend
And twilight spread its mantle o'er the sleepy town
That lay beneath embowered in the trees.

Four years and more have gone;
And yet we seem to linger still, we three,
Upon the summit of that storied mound.
The light has faded from the western sky,
And 'round our grassy couch the misty night descends
That brings with fading forms of life its silence sweet,
As benediction to the passing day.

Four years and more have gone;
And still we seem to see that quiet scene
From "sugar-loaf's" green top—the starry night—
The misty outline of the Rac-co-on—
The faint, uncertain lights that glimmer thro' the trees
To guide belated wanderers 'long the grass-grown streets
And sparkle cheer from Granville's peaceful homes.

Four years and more have gone;
And still we seem to gaze with quiet joy
On old familiar scenes—and there above
The universal canopy of leaves,
On yonder neighb'ring hill-top 'gainst the northern sky,
An hundred lights from college halls, where bends the pale
And plodding student o'er his nightly task.

* A hill-top near the college.

Four years and more have gone,
Since we lay dreaming on that lofty couch.
Hearts ne'er the chords of faith and friendship struck
To clearer tones than midst these scenes did ours.
Our hopes for future years we told without reserve,
The loves and hates of each were to the others known,
And joys and sorrows were a common lot.

Four years and more have gone,
Since last we looked into the star-lit sky
And read our futures there—no thought of books
Nor morrow's calls to face professors grave;
For what within us burned was not in Physics found,
Nor in the page of Homer, nor in Cicero,
Nor in the science of the sun and stars.

Four years and more have gone,
Since there with boyish zeal we stirred the fires
Of restless longing for the living foe
And battles with the world of men and things.
For dull-eyed, pale-faced men, the light of midnight oil;
For us, the kindly freedom of unfettered night
To let ambition soar to yonder skies.

Four years and more have gone,
Since, bound by ties of sympathy and love,
—The current of respect ne'er crossed by strife—
We planned and built our castles tall and fair,
And felt already in our grasp expected fame,
Then laughed to feel ambition quite annihilate
The intervening years, as in a dream.

Four years and more have gone,
Since there in solemn night, our fortunes cast,
We talked of homes our thrifty hands should raise,
Enriched with vintage of a constant love;
And how our princely incomes should be daily spent
In travel, books, and just perhaps a little, too,
In sport, with modicum of charity.

Four years and more have gone,
Since, poor in purse yet rich in heart, we said,—
Should poverty the hand of either grasp
Or chance deny the wealth of woman's love,
The other two would draw before the cheerful fire
The easy rocker for an honored guest, and fill
His soul with wine of self-forgetfulness.

Four years and more have gone.
How many changes mark the flight of time!
The three who there but yester-eve looked out
On distant futures and the stars, are gone—
Their couch upon the hill by other dreamers filled.
On distant fields they fight the fight with living foes
And build the homes their young ambitions reared.

Four years and more have gone.
The sun still sets beyond the western hill,
The self same shadows of the evening fall,
The self same misty line—the Rac-co-on;
So in our hearts the self same love of yesterday,
So in our distant homes the sweet and welcome thought
That days and years, but nothing more, have gone.

OUR FRIENDS,—THE ENEMY.

*DELIVERED AT A BANQUET AT THE HOTEL VICTORY,
PUT-IN-BAY, OHIO, AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST
NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CREDIT MEN.*

[Note.—The toastmaster, in introducing the speaker, said that the credit-men had had some difficulty in choosing where to hold the next convention; that the Kansas City delegates had made their city out as so near Heaven that the choice had finally seemed to settle down as being between Heaven and Detroit.]

Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen and Ladies :—Had I been at the convention during the afternoon of the last day, when you decided upon a place for holding your next convention, you would not have decided to go to heaven, but you would have gone to—Detroit. Yesterday I left the convention at noon, bought a pair of white kid gloves and a clean collar, took the 3 o'clock train for Detroit, and while you were enjoying the sights and music at the Casino, I was standing at the hymeneal altar giving away in marriage one of Detroit's prettiest young women. As we were driving home after the ceremony my wife looked up at me out of a great mass of "frills and fixin's" and in her own sweet way, which no one outside of myself is permitted to know, said, "And to-morrow night at this time you will be giving yourself away." At this point the rattle of the carriage prevented further conversation. My wife has lived with me and my two children so long she has got "smart," and when we reached home I told her so.

Whether or not I succeed in giving myself away to-night I shall ever feel a pride in having been honored with a place on the program of the first National Convention of Credit Men now being brought to a close on the beautiful island, famous for its historic surroundings, and in this great hotel, which in its very name symbolizes the achievements of this Convention.

Let me say, gentlemen, as one who for years—though not a credit man—has labored for reform in collection and credit methods, that I hail this movement as the harbinger of a new day; not indeed a millennium of credits, for that I shall never see this side the eternal city, but as a day the roseate tints of whose morning are seen in the co-operation and good fellowship of credit managers, so long, if not at variance, at least strangers and indifferent to one another's welfare.

As an editor only and therefore debarred from your membership, I ask the privilege of extending across the line you have drawn, beyond which my feet must not pass, the hand of fellowship and congratulations, and with it to pledge you that my pen shall not be idle nor my voice silent in behalf of better men, better methods, and better laws, and whatever concerns your best interests.

Tho' outside the citadel, your watchman upon the wall, shall ever bear to you the tidings that I am fighting your battles under your flag and zealous for your ultimate triumph over incompetency and iniquity in mercantile life. Heaven speed the day of renewed business confidence that shall usher in a great revival of commercial honesty and fair

dealing—a revival that our country needs as much as it needs a baptism of purity and common sense in our political life, and God knows how much it needs that.

However, I promised not to be serious. That urbane Woolson Spice man* wrote me, "You know these credit men are likely to be very dry." "What?" I said, "and that, too, in Toledo?" "Bring your next Convention to Detroit and I will promise you a long wet spell." I promised not to be dry, but coming across the lake this morning, and what a glorious morning it was, and what a glorious old lake it is! No wonder the British fought to keep it!—coming across the lake this morning, I say, my friends did their best to wet my speech, and my lawyer friends who just happened, you know, to be here at this Convention, have evidenced such an overwillingness to help me keep it wet since we have reached the island that my sole anxiety for several hours past has been to get rid of it before it got too damp for good society.

I was troubled much about a subject for my toast. At first I wrote the "pepper man" that not being a credit man I would talk on the subject "From Another Standpoint," and he could so word it in the program. The pepper factory wrote back, "Do so by all means." I asked my wife (you see I think a great deal of my wife) if Mr. McMechen seemed over enthusiastic on my choice of a subject. She thought a minute (something unusual for a woman to do) and said, "Here is a story I just read that may help you answer the question." "A lecturer approached a leading man

*B. G. McMechen, credit-man of the Woolson Spice Co., who was chairman of the committee of arrangements.

of a certain village with the question, 'How would your people like a lecture from me on Mt. Vesuvius?' 'Immensely,' he replied, 'they would much rather you would lecture on Mt. Vesuvius than in this village.' "

I forthwith wrote the ginger mill that I thought my subject a little misleading and that with his kind permission I would toast, "Our Friends, the Enemy," which being a somewhat inconsistent subject, meant nothing, and as I intended to say nothing it would be exactly appropriate. And yet, all sentences that appear inconsistent are not really so, as in the following instance: A gentleman inquired of an old white-haired fellow how he kept so hale and hearty. "Easy enough," he replied, "I always drink whisky and vote the Democratic ticket." "Ah, I see," said the other, "the two pizens neutralize each other."

If I chose to talk credits I believe I could do so to the queen's taste, for no man here, I am sure, has had so rich and varied an experience in that line as I have had. Pardon me if I give you my biography at this point.

At the age of 16 I was a lawyer's clerk and my business was to make up lawyers' reports on the merchants of my town for Dun and Bradstreet. That I did it well is evidenced by the fact that no merchant in my town ever failed—to get all the goods he wanted while I was doing the guessing. Then for four years I studied Greek and trigonometry to prepare myself as a lawyer to better tell credit men whom to trust. Then as a lawyer for eight years I did free reporting in return for worthless collections, and I was satisfied in the knowledge that the reports I gave were

as good as the collections I received. In the eight years I made over two thousand mercantile reports, received \$2.44 in money therefor, 223 postage stamps, twenty-three of which stuck so close to the paper I could not use them, three votes of thanks from inexperienced credit men who had not learned their business, and so many "kicks" that I early lost the count. After all my education in college Greek, not a single request was made for a report in that language. My reports were always scholarly, but they were no good. The business was delightful, but I had to quit it; the life was too rapid and meals were not frequent enough. So with an aching desire to reform the agencies I added to my immense legal practice an agency department, and after a little while I was experiencing the joy of asking my fellow lawyers for free reports, the reading of which reports and the tall lying I had to do in so transcribing them as to make them look to my subscribers like mercantile reports, and the wear and tear on my conscience incident to the nefarious business of robbing my fellow lawyer of his time and his postage with the promise that somehow, somewhere, perhaps now, perhaps in eternity, he or his heirs (more likely his assigns) would get an outlawed collection in return for it, drove me into a decline.

I then became an editor with a holy ambition to reform everybody. I was going to teach the lawyers that they were born for better business, to teach the agencies to do business on business principles and pay for what they got, and to teach credit men to insist upon more and better service and to pay for such service what it was worth.

These are not my only qualifications for talking credit.

I have granted credit and have been deceived, I have asked credit as often as the best of you and have been refused in more languages, perhaps, than are taught in the schools. But the subject is growing personal and I turn in another direction.

Legislation, of which there has been much talk at this Convention, can do much, my friends, but "our friends, the enemy" are not to be gotten rid of so easily. Solomon was a very wise man and a great legislator, but he gave it as his opinion, after conferring with his credit men and comparing notes with the Queen of Sheba, that "sin sticks between buyer and seller." It stuck then, it sticks to-day, it will continue to stick. Pardon me if I say that I take little stock in that seraphic vision that some of our Convention speakers have had when they tell us that they have seen the heavens roll back as a scroll and the debtor and creditor lying down together and a national association of credit men in the midst thereof. I am neither a pessimist nor an optimist, but I believe that so long as Almighty God allows the devil to run loose up and down the earth there will be important business on hand for the credit man and the lawyer, irrespective of and in spite of all we can do, whether as individuals or as organizations.

I cannot but say that with a national association of credit men on the one side, however dignified and able, and with my friend Wolfstein, who runs the clothing store up the street, and his wife and his wife's family on the other side,

I shall continue to put up my money on Wolfstein et al. Smooth-tongued credit men from New Orleans, with their hospitable Mardi Gras manners, their palmetto voices, and their lower Mississippi accents, all of which is indescribably pleasant to me; western credit men, with a courage which, in the face of grass-hopper, drouth, cyclones and Dolly Varden politics, seems to me a sublime proof of the omnipotence of the Creator; eastern credit men with their courtly manners, their Coney Island tastes and their store clothes—these all may sit in sweet and holy converse beneath the willows that shade the muddy banks of the Maumee, almost in sight of the most beautiful city on the continent—Detroit, the City of the Straits—and yet—and yet—while this is going on Isaacstine is changing his sign, Gilligan is paying back to his wife dot money he loaned from her forty-two years ago when she was rich, O'Riley is folding his tent like the Arab and silently stealing away.

Then here is to our friends, the enemy—the men who give us employment, who sharpen our wits, who provide the winds of adversity that, blowing upon us, strengthen our business judgment and make us the clear-headed and intelligent fellows we know we are.

I am a debtor myself,—a debtor out of jail. I made everything I have by getting into debt. Debt may be honorable, and let us see to it that while legislating against the dishonest debtor we protect the honest one, and be sure that the gun we load for the dishonest one may never have to be loaded against ourselves.

Convene, organize, legislate, but in all your self-satisfaction over organization, do not forget that organization itself is valueless unless there goes with it the sympathy of our hearts and the work of our hands, and in all our roseate dreaming of the future let us never forget Gilligan's wife and the money she loaned Gilligan forty-two years ago.

THE LAW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*ABRIDGMENT OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE
SUMMER OF 1892 BEFORE A CONVENTION
OF TEACHERS.*

The teachers among my audience will put me down at once as ignorant of at least one-half of my subject. But if any such will confess to a like ignorance as to the other half, I shall feel that we can proceed on good terms, following the example of certain learned judges when the address to the Queen at the opening of the royal courts was under consideration: One very eminent judge of appeals objected to the phrase in the address, "Conscious as we are of our own shortcomings—" "I am not conscious of my own shortcomings," he said, "and if I were, I should not be so foolish as to say so;" whereupon a learned lord justice blandly observed, "Suppose we say, Conscious as we are of each other's shortcomings."

What I know about teaching would probably form about as interesting and instructive a disquisition as Greeley's "What I Know About Farming," for I have never been a teacher, in the sense in which I use the term. Yet I have run up against several in my day, and have always come away with a wholesome respect for them; so that I am prepared to say:

"Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome
Down to the framer of a farthing broom—
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use
(If skilled to teach and diligent to rule),
Is the learned master of a little school."

Whether or not the teacher is any wiser or better for our meeting, modesty forbids my inquiring.

I realize fully the opportunity I here have for evening old scores with my early teachers, and I had at first thought of saying some things more or less cruel; but, on reflection, I have concluded that, after all, mercy so sweetened justice in all of the performances in the line of school tragedy, in which I was a star actor, that any bitter feelings I might once have had are swallowed up in the happy memory of those days when I played jackstones with the girls at recess on the back porch of a certain house in my native town, which stands next door to a little frame building on whose ground floor old "father Love" cobbled our fathers' and grandfathers' soles, and on whose second floor a good woman, whose memory is sacred to scores of men and women now living, held her little school. How sweet was her punishment, when, as once, I was compelled to sit under her desk, and there to spend my time fishing from a crack in the drawer over my head candy hearts, on which were printed "For a good boy," "For a sweet child," which said hearts were intended to be distributed to characters of that sort on the following Friday, of which characters I very well knew myself not to be one. And so for obvious reasons I

shall refer as tenderly as possible to the days of my school life, and, firmly intrenched behind the books of the law and the judges, content myself in the endeavor to teach teachers what, perchance, they already know as to their rights and obligations; for it is not for a moment to be thought that there is a teacher so poorly qualified for the performance of his duties as not to know at least the general rules of law that should govern his action.

The scope of this discussion shall not extend to criticisms or suggestions as to methods of teaching, or to statements of what I should do under this and that set of circumstances. No one, not even the law itself, with its far-reaching power, can fix in each case exactly the line of the teacher's duty or his liability.

The law contents itself with laying down general principles, and applying these to each set of circumstances presented for its consideration. The law prescribes no method of punishment, nor does it set fixed bounds to punishment, so that the teacher and the pupil may know just when to begin or when to stop.

You ask me, can I whip a boy for making faces at me when my back is turned? I cannot answer that question. No one but yourself can answer it. You know the circumstances, the cause, the motive, the effect on the discipline of the school. You alone can answer it. Under certain circumstances the law would give its approval, and under certain other circumstances withhold it.

The law will content itself with saying, if, looking at the circumstances as they existed, the punishment is reasonable, it is lawful; if not reasonable, it is not lawful; and it

will wait, before passing its opinion for the hundred and one facts that go to make up the surrounding conditions before it answers the question.

So that you must not expect me to say under what particular circumstances you may legally whip or expel. But I will attempt to lay down general rules, allowing you to answer your own questions as to what to do under a given set of circumstances.

I shall first consider the relation of teacher and pupil, and, in considering this, shall best arrive at a conclusion as to the rights and duties of the teacher.

The law gives to parents the custody, control and services of their minor children. As to power of correction, very ancient laws gave the father the power of life and death over his children. The common law gives only a moderate degree of authority, relaxing as the child grows older. The father is liable to indictment for cruel punishment, if malicious and permanently injurious, and may be found guilty of manslaughter or murder. The presumption is that the punishment given is just and deserved and properly administered, and courts refuse to interfere only when malice or evil purpose on the part of the parent is shown, or, as is coming more and more fully to be felt, where the common welfare of the State is shown to suffer. In the former case the parent is penal or criminally responsible, and in the latter case the State will interfere to regulate the conduct of the parent or prescribe rules for the conduct of the child, it being upon the latter ground that compulsory education can be reasonably justified.

The law, in allowing this broad discretion and authority to the parent, is wise, for the parental instinct, the affection of man for his offspring, stands as a wall against the attack of malice and cruelty; and when, as seldom, indeed, happens, the angry passions of the parent leap the barrier, the consensus of outraged public feeling is only proof of the deep-seated public sense of what is just and right.

The law further recognizes the right of the parent to delegate his authority, or at least a portion of it, to others.

Parents, by placing their boy in school, tacitly, but none the less directly and positively, agree that for certain limited periods, their rights as parents are transferred to the teacher and the State; and the latter, on the other hand, are bound to receive the trust, accept and fulfill the momentous and solemn duties of the position.

Bound, I say; and this responsibility cannot be shifted or declined.

That boy or girl, whether white or black, rich or poor, bright or dull, Protestant or Catholic, who, providing he does not comport himself in a manner to injure the interests of the school, who knocks at your door, must be adopted into your family.

Men have applied to the courts to keep the black boy from the white school; but the courts dare not break the spirit and reason of the Constitution, although it has been said by learned courts that if separate schools for blacks and whites be established, with equal facilities and advantages, as good teachers, buildings, apparatus, course of study, etc., they might help a little in the way of keeping up the war of races.

But even here the courts are treading on dangerous ground.

Understand me ; no teacher is compelled to take an indecent youth, or a youth presenting himself in such a character or condition as would tend to demoralize the school.

As stated, the teacher must accept duties dependent on his position. The child has a right to demand it of the teacher, and if refused, or if the right be abused or the duty neglected, the child has recourse to the law in obtaining adequate damages.

The question has arisen, is the teacher in this case liable to the parent? I think not, although I can scarcely see the force of the reasoning, which is that the education being for the benefit of the child, he alone can claim the damages. The more equitable view, it would seem, would be that the parent, having given up the time and service of the child, to which by nature and law he is entitled, and having parted with his rights in consideration of the fulfillment, by the teacher, of his duties, is alike damaged, and should have like recourse.

The question now arises as to the nature of the power thus delegated. We have seen that the parent's right to punish extends to the limit where malice and wicked purpose begin ; and this by reason of the parental instinct and affection for the child. The earlier authorities, as well as some modern ones, make the authority of the teacher co-extensive with that of the parent. But such decisions evidently go too far. Even as far back as Blackstone, we read that "the teacher has such portion of the power of the

parent committed to his charge, viz., that of restraint and correction, as may be necessary to answer the purpose for which he was employed." Chitty says this power must be temperately exercised, and no schoolmaster should feel himself at liberty to administer chastisement co-extensive with a parent, howsoever the infant might appear to have deserved it. Bishop says the authority of the teacher will seldom quite equal the parental right. The Court says, in *Lander vs. Seaver*, a Vermont case: The parent unquestionably is answerable only for malice and wicked motives or an evil heart in punishing his child. This great, and to some extent irresponsible, power of control and correction is invested in the parent by nature and necessity. It springs from the relation of parent and child. It is felt rather as a duty than a power. This parental power is little liable to be abused, for it is continually restrained by natural affection, the tenderness which the parent feels for his offspring, an affection ever on the alert, and acting rather by instinct than by reason.

The schoolmaster has no such natural restraint. Hence he may not be trusted with all a parent's authority, for he does not act from the instinct of parental affection. He should be guided and restrained by judgment and wise discretion, and hence is responsible for their reasonable exercise. In an Iowa case the Court says: We do not think the teacher had such right or authority, and we can see no necessity for clothing him with such rights and arbitrary power. So, all the later authorities have fallen into the opinion that the relation is not identical, but analogous, and,

being less confidential, that the authority of the teacher is only such as may be necessary to answer the purposes for which he is employed. So, it has been held that the teacher cannot compel the pupils to bring in stove wood at recess, unless as a means of punishment, under such circumstances, etc., as render this method of punishment reasonable, inasmuch as it has nothing to do with the object of his employment.

We may say, then, that the authority of the teacher is quasi-parental, but not identical, in that the parental is bounded only by malice and evil purpose, while that of the teacher must in every case be limited by what is reasonable.

"The reasonable judgment of reasonable men" is the criterion as to what is legal punishment. So beyond all else the teacher must be a reasonable person. He may be able to add six columns of figures in his sleep, or parse a sneeze; but if he lack judgment, he may throw his books to the dogs.

As I read the decisions of judges and see how the word "reasonable" is made to shoulder burdens, I wonder that it is not ranked as the first desirable quality in a teacher. Perhaps it is, but I imagine it is not so often sought after or inquired into when we hire a teacher, as is his knowledge of how accurately he can spot the solution of some tricky problem. I believe the trickiest problem teachers have to solve is that tow-headed boy, or freckle-faced girl, beside which all the hideous nightmares of mathematics and grammar, sprung upon them by school examiners, are as dust in the balance. So, above all, the law requires of the teacher to be

reasonable in his rules, and reasonable in enforcing obedience to them. Had I the privilege and means of so doing, I would write above the door post of every schoolhouse in the land in great letters, so none could fail to read—In all things be reasonable.

The teacher's supervision and control of the pupil extends from the time the pupil leaves home to attend school till he returns home from school. [Here follows citation of authorities.]

The teacher has a right to make a rule and enforce it by whipping, prohibiting the boys from swearing quarreling or fighting on their way home from school, and before parental authority over them has been resumed.

It is also pretty well decided that except where compulsory education is the rule, the teacher has no right to compel the pupil to study certain branches where the pupil was excused therefrom by his parent, and that if the teacher attempts to force the pupil so to do, and the pupil refuses, and the teacher inflicts punishment for the refusal, the teacher may be guilty of assault and battery. The fact that the school is a public one, in which studies are prescribed by statute, does not vary the general rule as to the right of the parent to direct the omission of a part of the prescribed studies, except, perhaps, where, as stated, compulsory education is the law of the State.

There is a species of conflict in which the pupil is generally a delighted spectator, and that is where the parent and teacher stands *hors de combat*. The parent in most cases has the boy on his side, and the teacher, be it said to his

credit, generally has the law on his. The parent, unmindful or ignorant of the compact he has entered into in placing his boy under the teacher's care, seeks oftentimes to exercise the authority with which he has already parted, and in response to the complaints of the lad, takes it upon himself to chastize the teacher for too zealously, as he thinks, performing his part of the agreement.

With the boy on one side and the parent on the other, the teacher is led a pretty waltz.

It must have been a teacher who wrote

"Just Heaven! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share.
If such their fate, by thy divine control,
Oh, give them health and fortitude of soul,
Souls that disdain the murderous tongues of fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame;
Grant this, ye powers! to dominies distrest
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest."

The boy complains that he can't learn geography; and the father, whose vision is bounded by the township in which he lives, sees no use in it himself, and so informs the teacher, with the request that Johnnie may not be compelled to study it. What course shall the teacher take? Under the common law, and aside from state laws compelling school attendance, the reasonable requests of the parent should and must be complied with; but the requests must be reasonable. That Johnnie be allowed to study aloud, or whittle during school hours, will not be such requests. In the case of the geography hater, the courts hold the request

of the parent reasonable, and that the teacher having expelled the boy for refusing to study it, the teacher is liable in an action for damages.

It is the boy's duty, generally speaking, to return home after school. If he does not do so, but in violation of a school rule (and such a rule would be reasonable), loiters about the school house out of love for it or the teacher, or for any other unreasonable cause, and thereby encourages the habit in others, the teacher may rightly punish him after other methods have failed.

The teacher has the right to expel only for a reasonable cause. The power of expulsion is generally lodged in the hands of the school directors or other committee in charge of the school, and the teacher generally has power only to suspend the pupil until the matter can be brought to the attention of such superior body. Some States, and among them Ohio, regulate this by statute, and for a wrongful expulsion the teacher is liable to the child, and according to Ohio statutes, I believe, the teacher and local directors of the sub-district are liable to the parent for damages. There are cases for which the usual methods of punishment are inadequate. In general, no doubt, the teacher should report a case of this kind to the proper board for its action—if no delay will necessarily result from that course prejudicial to the best interests of the school. But the conduct of the pupil may be such that his presence for a day or an hour may be disastrous to the discipline of the school or the morals of other pupils. In such case it seems absolutely necessary to the welfare of the school that the teacher should

have the power to suspend the offender at once from the privilege of the school—and he must necessarily decide for himself whether the case requires the remedy. He should then promptly report his action to the board. It will be seldom that the teacher in charge of the school will be compelled to exercise this power, because usually, he can readily communicate with the district board and have direction and orders.

We conclude, therefore, that the teacher has, in a proper case, the inherent power to suspend a pupil from the privileges of the school, unless he has been deprived of the power by legislation or the affirmative action of the board. In some States by statute, I understand, the expulsion may not extend beyond the term, and the teacher's power extends only to temporary expulsion or until such time as the proper board may act, but the teacher would doubtless be held liable for an unreasonable exercise of this power.

It is settled in law that the teacher may make reasonable rules to require obedience, even to the extent of expulsion. The question arises, what are reasonable rules? [Here follow quotations from numerous decisions.]

This brings us to that subject, dear to every teacher's heart, corporal punishment.

School codes of the United States are generally silent on this question, but numerous judicial decisions uphold the teacher's right to use corporal punishment. There is no doubt but that the law gives the teacher the privilege of applying the rod.

Under the old Roman law the father was privileged to kill or abandon his young child. 1900 years have taught

us better than that, and we are now only allowed to wear out his pants, to the amusement of the school, the souring and spoiling of the teacher's day and temper, and the hardening of the boy's disposition, and the injury of some ambitious young apple tree. We are perhaps a little more civilized than when Byron wrote,

"Oh, ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany and Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals, never mind the pain."

To my disappointment I have been unable to find a single court of last resort with backbone and humanity enough to decide against corporal punishment. One judge, a member of the Indiana Supreme Court (I can see the kind-hearted old gentleman, and he doubtless has a family of girls), is down in the Indiana reports as saying that "the weight of reason and humanity is against such a method of punishment, but that the public still clamor for this relic of barbarity in the common schools, and the courts must yield to the demand." Yes, we have all seen the clamor for it, but this clamor for it has been pretty well confined to one class. The boys and girls who make up the vast majority of this same public never seem to hurt themselves clamoring for it. But this method of punishment will go, just as sure as capital punishment, the guillotine and the stocks are passing into history. The forests of our land are far too rapidly disappearing. The young life has been strangled in many a sprightly young sapling to furnish humiliation and a warm seat for a restless boy, amusement

for his comrades, and a tired body and heartache for the good teacher. When I glance at the premature old age of the appletrees in my father's yard, I ask myself if it paid to spoil those noble old trees, whose very knots and wrinkles I love, for what they had to sacrifice in order to my "bringing up."

Yes, the teacher may continue to flog, and no law will save the lad excepting the law which in its spirit provides that the stick be of reasonable size—not too many knots in it; that it be not used with unreasonable force, nor for an unreasonable cause, and that the teacher shall exercise reasonable kindness in choosing as to where to make the application. Anything beyond this, and the teacher will find that he who laughs last laughs best.

The question is, always, whether, considering the offense of the child, his age, condition, and all the circumstances, the teacher inflicted extreme and unnecessary punishment.

The right is to punish in a proper manner and to a proper degree. If the teacher goes beyond that, the act becomes unlawful, and he is responsible for the consequences.

In determining this question the teacher must take into consideration the size and apparent condition of the child, the character of the instrument of punishment used, and the manner of its use, the part of the body to which it is applied, and the extent of the application.

It must always be borne in mind that the welfare of the child is the main purpose for which pain is permitted to be inflicted. Any punishment, therefore, which may seriously endanger life, limb or health, or will disfigure the

child or cause any permanent injury, may be pronounced, in itself, immoderate, as not only being unnecessary for, but inconsistent with, the purpose for which it is authorized. Punishment, however, which produces temporary pain only, and no permanent ill, cannot be so pronounced. When the correction is not in itself immoderate, its legality or illegality must depend entirely on the animus with which it is administered. Judge Cooley says the tendency of modern authority is to restrict rather than enlarge the power of the teacher in this respect, and that the brutal and savage methods of punishment formerly tolerated are fast disappearing under the refining influence of modern civilization.

Horace Mann says of corporal punishment: "It should be reserved for the baser faults. It is a coarse remedy and should be employed upon the coarser sins of our animal nature and when employed at all it should be administered in strong doses."

No precise rule can be laid down as to when or to what extent corporal punishment should be inflicted. Each case must depend upon its own circumstances. We cannot too strongly condemn the custom prevalent in some schools, of threatening such punishment, and inflicting it for every trivial offense. Familiarity with the rod breeds contempt for it. The witnessing of even a few floggings per month tends to familiarize the school with the performance, and engenders the feeling that it is as necessary to a well conducted school as is calling the roll. The fear of the rod, the feeling of disgrace and humiliation attendant upon its

use, is lost in the knowledge that it is not productive of serious consequences, and that other boys and girls have lived through it. If punishment of this sort be resorted to, let it not be made one of the school exercises. This stopping of the machinery of the school to give a boy a thrashing seems to me as much out of harmony with things as the action of the little boy who was on his knees in his little night dress saying his prayers. His little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me a minute, while I knock the stuffing out of Jennie."

The less frequently a punishment is administered, the more healthful feeling will exist regarding its exercise, and the more wholesome fear of it will be found among the pupils. The teacher must take also into consideration the mental and moral qualities of the pupil, and, as indicative of these, his general behavior in school, and his attitude towards his teacher. The immediate offense alone should not determine the punishment, but the past offenses that aggravate the present one, and show the pupil to have been habitually refractory and disobedient. It is not necessary in punishing to remind the pupil of his past and accumulating offenses. The pupil knows them well enough, without having them brought freshly to his notice. It must be borne in mind that the master is not relieved from liability in damages for the punishment of a scholar that is clearly excessive and unnecessary, by the fact that he acted in good faith and without malice, honestly thinking that

the punishment was necessary both for the discipline of the school and the welfare of the child. Whether, under the facts, the punishment was excessive, is a question for the jury. The facts must determine in every case, but in many cases the court has taken upon itself to instruct the jury, as in one case that any punishment with a rod which leaves marks or welts on the pupil for two months afterwards or much less time is clearly excessive and actionable. A teacher once wrote to a boy's parents proposing to beat the boy severely. The father gave his permission, and the teacher beat the boy for two and a half hours till he died. He was adjudged guilty of manslaughter though no malice was shown. The courts have also held that the pupil must know, or be in position to know, the cause of the punishment, or it will be actionable.

Only that punishment reasonably suited to the offense and reasonably administered is allowable. As to what is reasonable, the teacher must decide. Hence, if possible, delay the punishment long enough to come to it with a reasoning temper and discrimination. If reasonable punishment of the ordinary kind fails, brutal or cruel methods are not excusable. Suspension or expulsion may then be resorted to.

As leading us to the conclusion that this method of punishment is disappearing, we find a case stating that if the punishment be administered for the gratification of passion or of rage, or if it be immoderate in extent, or excessive in its nature, or if it be protracted beyond the child's power

of endurance, or with an instrument unfitted for the purpose or calculated to produce danger to life or limb, the person inflicting it is liable to the law, and if death results is liable for manslaughter.

It is held in a Tennessee case that a father may not so interfere in the workings of a school, as to require that a teacher should not whip his child; nor can a teacher delegate the privilege of using the rod. The law requires him to do his own whipping. The law is equally jealous of the lad's prerogative, and will not allow him to give away his privilege. What he gets is as difficult to get rid of as what the teacher has to give.

Nor can a father authorize excessive punishment and the teacher escape responsibility thereby. The father never possessed that right, and cannot delegate it. The teacher can punish the youth who has attained his majority, if he voluntarily places himself in the position of pupil. The advisability of the teacher's exercising his power in such cases will, you will understand, depend greatly on the relative size of the pupil and himself. We can imagine circumstances where corporal punishment would not meet with favor in the teacher's eyes. There are two cases in the books where pupils over age invoked the aid of the law, but in each case the law refused to lend a helping hand. The man thus placing himself under the authority of the teacher, forfeits the rights and privileges his by nature, by virtue of his reaching manhood's estate, and may be made to stand on one leg or sit with the girls as any ten-year-old.

One of the cases referred to is that of a young lady

who had reached a point in life somewhat beyond majority, and I was surprised, knowing the general truthfulness of the sex, that it crept out in evidence in the case, that the young lady had given her age as less than it actually was. It does not appear whether or not she had designs on the schoolmaster; but the court evidently thought that a schoolmaster should have thrown around him the strong arm of the law under such circumstances.

But, speaking of being compelled to sit with the girls, I cannot refrain from expressing my condemnation of such a method of punishment. What is the result of it, teachers, on the boy whose ideas are just shaping into permanent form. Tommy is caught winking at little Mary, and who wouldn't? The teacher sees him. Nobody has winked at her for so long she can't understand or appreciate it. "Tommy, pick up your arithmetic and take that seat beside Mary's!"

Little Mary blushes. The school giggles. Tommy, as red as a lobster from shame, takes his seat. He never looks at little Mary—turns his back to her. A moment before he wanted to kiss her, had just thrown a note to her offering to share his apple with her at recess, if she would only love him just a little bit and not talk so much to Freddy Jones. A moment ago he would have thought it the choicest privilege to sit down by little Mary and help her get her lessons, or tell her some story of his youthful prowess, and now he blushes because he must sit beside her. He hates her at that moment, and yet, sweet little Mary, her eyes brim full of tears—he loves her very apron

strings. What have you done? Crushed little buds of love and promise, made Tommy think it a disgrace to sit with a girl when he ought to consider it an honor, when he ought to count himself on holy ground. He thinks every bright little eye that twinkles at him, and every little curl that nods at him, and every little figure that passes him at his desk, is covering him with disgrace. Is that the way to bring up a boy to think his wife, his mother, his sister, is his equal, if not his superior? Is that the way to teach a boy to be a gentleman, and to respect and love some good woman?

If I were subjected to such punishment, I imagine I would follow the example of the boy in the following:

“Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.

‘Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls,’ he said.

Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast,

Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet,
That he loved of all the best.

And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe,

For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls
And ogled them over his sleeve.”

Boys are only too likely to set themselves up as just a little bit better than their sisters.

Two little boys, aged 5 and 7, were members of a family, to which one day a young lady was added much to the disgust of her brothers, who saw their influence gradually slipping through their fingers. One day the little sister had

a violent fit of crying. The eldest brother said, "Say, don't she cry awfully?" "Yes," said the younger, "But you can't blame her." "Why, what ails her?" With great disgust, "She's crying because she's a girl."

A lady said to live in Ohio is the mother of six boys. One day a caller remarked in the presence of one of the boys, an eight-year-old, "What a pity that one of your boys had not been a girl!" The youth promptly interposed, "I'd like to know who'd a bin her. I wouldn't a bin 'er, Ed wouldn't a bin 'er, Joe wouldn't a bin 'er, Tom wouldn't a bin 'er, Jack wouldn't a bin 'er, Will wouldn't a bin 'er. I'd like to know who'd a bin 'er."

An interesting case involving the power of the teacher to inflict corporal punishment is the case of Van Vactor against the State, an Indiana case. During February, 1887, Tyner Van Vactor was a teacher in Marshall county, Indiana. He was eighteen years of age. Edward Patrick, a boy of sixteen, was one of his pupils. One Friday afternoon, while school was in session, Van Vactor directed Patrick to bring in some wood and put it in the stove. Patrick obeyed, but while engaged about the stove and while Van Vactor's back was turned, he made some antic demonstrations which created a general laugh among the children. Van Vactor, as a punishment, required Patrick to stand up by the stove for some time. After school Patrick put on his overcoat preparatory to starting home, and, assuming to claim that by having to stand by the stove he had become very warm and liable to take cold, he put on Van Vactor's

overcoat. Van Vactor soon discovered the loss of his coat, sent a messenger in hot haste who demanded its return, but did not get it. Van Vactor thereupon went home minus his overcoat. On Monday morning Van Vactor told Patrick he stood temporarily suspended. During the day Van Vactor saw the township trustee, who advised him that Patrick should be required either to take a whipping or leave the school, and in this view Van Vactor concurred. On that evening Van Vactor told Patrick what had been resolved upon. Patrick said he would not take the whipping, but on returning to school the next morning he told Van Vactor that he had consulted the family, and they had advised him to take the whipping, provided it be not inflicted upon him until after school and the others had left. Van Vactor assented. Accordingly, during the day Van Vactor provided himself with a green switch about three feet in length and forked near the middle, forming two limber prongs. After school had closed and some moments of apparent suspense had intervened, Patrick remarked that it was time for the performance to begin, and assisted in removing a table and in clearing the floor. He then placed himself before, and with his face toward the blackboard, and indicated he was ready. Van Vactor thereupon struck Patrick nine sharp blows on the back part of his legs, between his suspender buttons and his knee joints. Patrick made no outcry, and the switch was not broken. Two or three days afterwards Van Vactor was arrested, charged with assault and battery. A justice of the peace tried and convicted him, a circuit court jury on appeal found him

guilty and fined him one cent (in consideration, we suppose, of his salary). The case went to the Supreme Court, and the judgment was reversed. The Court took into consideration all the circumstances as related, with the additional circumstance that Patrick had returned to school the morning following the day of the punishment with his skates, that Van Vactor had testified he had been sorry to have had to whip Patrick, that he had no malice, etc., and so held that the offense merited punishment, and that the punishment was reasonable, and the teacher exonerated, saying that a teacher may exact compliance with all reasonable rules, and may, in a kind and reasonable spirit, inflict corporal punishment for disobedience.

To support a charge of assault and battery it is necessary to show that the act was intended, but in the case of the punishment of a pupil the intent may be inferred from the unreasonableness of the method adopted or the excess of the force employed, but the burden of proving such unreasonableness or such excess is on the State.

In such a case, in addition to the general presumption of his innocence, to which everyone charged with a crime is entitled, the teacher is presumed to have done his duty.

[Here follow references to other cases.]

As I have said, the benefit of the doubt always rests with the teacher. To the boy is left the benefit of the punishment, thus, of course, creating what may seem an unfair advantage in the former, but to the glory of the profession, let me repeat, in the first one hundred years of our nation's history only four cases have reached the higher

courts where the teacher has been charged with this excessive exercise of his authority, and in but two of these was the charge upheld by the court, in the other two, the courts holding the teacher justified in his conduct. This is saying a great deal, seeing what excellent material our fathers must have made for early schoolmasters to practice upon.

No doubt this benefit of the doubt law should be changed, but it never will be, for the boys who want and need the change, cease to care for it about the time they grow old enough to be able to take a hand in changing it; so that each successive generation of little urchins must put up with the benefit of nothing unless it be the benefit of the "licking."

Some of us, however, who are yet on the hither side of middle age, may like to see the day when the schoolboy may not have to wear double breasted trousers, for, with all things terrestrial, the law is subject to changes and improvement, and as indicative of this, I see a court has just held that a man is not liable for a bill for shampooing his wife's head, on the ground that it was not a necessity.

But the conscience of the race is surely growing more tender. We are civilizing our methods of punishment. Love, an hitherto almost unknown factor, is asserting its power.

"The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.

"My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

"They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes.

"These truants from home and from Heaven,
Have made me more manly and mild,
I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

And now I will wager, teacher, that you are thinking of a certain barefooted, dirty-faced boy who gives you so many hours of pain, and you are saying, "Well, I will at least keep the stick for him."

"Then think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild.
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child."

What a beautiful picture is that of the kind-hearted schoolmaster, given by Malcolm Douglass:

A funny old professor kept a school for little boys,
And he'd romp with them in playtime, and he wouldn't mind their noise;
While in his little schoolroom, with its head against the wall,
Was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained; "for you will find How very wrong, indeed, it is to force a budding mind; Whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head, I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day,
When the little birds upon the trees go toorallooral lay,
When wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep,
One by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep!

"Then, before they're all in dreamland and their funny snores begin,
I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in;
After which I put the schoolbooks in their order on the shelf,
And, with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself!"

As we grow older we live more and more in the past.

I recall that once in the attic of my father's house I happened upon a pair of knee breeches, soiled and worn. The instinct of a boy still lingering in my grown up nature, I at once went down into the pockets and there I found an old knife, a broken fish hook, a piece of string and a slate pencil. Do you know what I did? I sat down on an old trunk and turned those little worthless trinkets over and over, and as I did so, I saw the old school room and the boys and girls, the little slate drawn all over with pictures of battles of the Franco-Prussian war, with visible bullets flying through the air, the old falls back of the grove where I went fishing for minnows, and the kites we flew upon the commons. How long I sat there, what unmanly feelings I had is only known to myself and even now as I return from time to time to the scenes of my youth there is nothing I delight so much in doing as in seeking out the spots sacred to me because of their connection with my boyish life.

Teachers, you who have grown to older age, do you not delight in going down into the pockets of the past and do you care if some of the little trinkets you draw forth are not so bright and clean as they might be? Is that bad boy any the less dear to you, now?

What a troop of bright memories must follow in the wake of the gray-haired teacher, and what would you who are not teachers give to be able to say:

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

*DELIVERED AT THE PARK HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY,
AT A BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL
LAW LEAGUE, IN 1896.*

I am to talk to the sentiment, the signs of the times; I will do so briefly.

I am not a soothsayer nor a reader of auguries, nor am I much of a dreamer; I am entirely too busy with the present to get often into the mood of the prophet; I have not lived long enough to be much of a philosopher; life has always been too much of a struggle with me to make me a speculator; but I am not so blind to the significance of passing events as not to see in them some indications pregnant with future possibilities. To particularize:

This banquet board is a sign of the times. Did you in your wildest imaginings dream of such an incident as this, five years—three years—one year ago? I made a visit to this city in 1890, I think it was. I met Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Niles, Mr. Remington, Mr. Walker, and a half a hundred others engaged in the business of commercial law, collections and reports. I spent a delightful Sunday afternoon in the hospitable home of Mr. Remington, I lunched with Mr. Walker, I mingled with these men, I studied them, I tried to learn the conditions of the business, and I went home thoroughly satisfied that every man in the business in New York was a good fellow but was supremely selfish,

in so far as his treatment of his fellows was concerned; and further that nothing was too good for an "outsider" from Detroit or from any other country hamlet. Honorable men engaged in honorable work whose interests were along identical lines, were not only not acquainted with one another, but were indifferent, suspicious, and too often bitterly hostile to one another.

I went to Chicago and found much the same condition of things, and I concluded, either that the business had something inherently wrong in it or that the wrong persons were engaged in it.

"Time works many miracles," and among these miracles is an association of these very men, with their legs under the same mahogany, and much of the old-time indifference wiped away; and despite this event, I imagine that to-morrow your business will go on just as smoothly and just as profitably as of yore.

I had to give a little advice once to an impatient, over-worked, underpaid country lawyer; I told him that I thought the commercial lawyer would some day come out of the wilderness of poor methods, poor fees, poor results; he wrote me in reply that he would be satisfied if he, like Moses, could just live long enough to get a peep into the promised land. Well, I may be an enthusiast but I believe the Commercial Law League of America will be the Joshua of the host that will live to see a better country—not perhaps flowing with milk and honey, but at least not a desert of barren rock and blistering sands.

Again: The last five years have developed much thought

and discussion as to office management. To the lawyer of fifty years ago, this would sound supremely unprofessional. To him the model law office was an *omnum gatherum*—an untidy, disarranged mass of papers, books, ink spots, cuspidors, cobwebs and cockroaches. His tickler, was his tardy conscience; his letter press, too often the well worn seat of his under—standing or rather—sitting; his docket, a last year's almanac; his office boy, an unkempt lout of a youth; his file case, his hat and his capacious pocket; his greatest accomplishment, his windy declamation before a jury. Professional ethics absolutely denied him the privilege of being business-like; so the public came to consider it professional to do business behind dirty windows, on dirty floors, and with dirty books. You will find all law offices so pictured in novels—Dickens and all other novelists bear witness!

The telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the railroad, the steamboat, the electric car, have produced a different sort of a man, who now asks of the public its patronage. The modern business lawyer and (another development of the times) the business manager of collections and credits in agencies and mercantile houses, are signs of the coming also of a new code of professional ethics.

The modern business lawyer and the collection and credit manager must be clean, systematic, thorough, quick, able. He must have telegraph and telephone at his very desk. He must live with his traveling equipment ready at hand. He must employ one, two, three, a dozen, quick, trained helpers to help him do his work. He is at his office early

and late. He eats his lunch as a gun is loaded, ramming in, first the powder, then the wad—and he is in luck if the gun goes off without bursting.

Modern commerce and modern business life have created the *novi homines*, and with their advent the days for which the old lawyer sighs (as fast he loses his grip) are no more.

With the necessity of doing business fast, comes the necessity of system; with system comes expense; with modern energy comes modern competition; with modern competition comes a cheapening of labor, more expensive appliances and methods, less pay—result, only the most capable men are to make the money. The time has gone by when a novice can enter the commercial law field and succeed.

Let me congratulate the New York Commercial Law League: first, on the very evident fact of its existence; and second, on its ability thus early developed to take substantial food. I am the proud father of two infants whose stomachs are being experimented upon with indifferent success and I can appreciate the spectacle of a two-months old youngster taking food naturally and without coughing up its little lungs in an effort to be happy.

Let me also congratulate the New York Commercial Law League again on its good judgment in so timing its dinner as to meet the gastronomic requirements of the National Executive Committee now meeting in this city. You probably appreciate the housewife's secret that the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach and

have promptly taken that route to the affections of the very august gentlemen who hold in their hands so largely the fate of the National League. Not being on that committee myself, I have come to take part in this affair in order to see that, in winning its heart, you do not at the same time steal away its judgment, and that lulled to sleep by your soft caresses it may not fall to sleep in the lap of its Delilah and be shorn of its strength.

I shall take no more of your time, but thanking you for your courtesy to myself and my co-laborers I bid you good-night.

THE STEPS THAT LED UP TO MAGNA CHARTA.

*DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICAGO LAW STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION IN THE LECTURE ROOM OF THE
KENT COLLEGE OF LAW IN 1895.*

Government by the consent of the governed,—the underlying principle of good government the world over, written in no uncertain terms in Magna Charta,—was but the blood bought reassertion on English soil of what had been in the breasts of men of every race in all time—God given and eternal.

Magna Charta is both a closing point and a starting point. English History before it is a prophesy of it; English History after it is a growth from it. It is the finished cap-piece of the first twelve hundred years of the christian era; it is the chief corner-stone of the last seven hundred. The early centuries looked timidly forward to it; the later pointed bravely back to it.

In tracing the steps that led up to Magna Charta, we must take a view of early English History.

What troubles us at the outset is where to make our beginning. English History, says one, begins with the Celt and the Druid; says another, with the Roman Conquest; another, with the Teutonic Invasion; another, with Alfred the Great. Our starting point must be to a certain extent arbitrarily chosen, for like the sources of a mighty

river, who can say, standing at the point where the Father of Waters pours its mighty flood into the Gulf, here is a drop of water from the snow covered fields and mountains, here is one from a spring among the Wisconsin Hills, here is one from the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and here one from the peaceful farm-lands of western New York. I must confess that amid the conflict of opinion as to the various sources of our laws and our institutions I stand bewildered. Of this I am convinced, that however much we owe to our Teutonic ancestors of the little district of Angeln in the promontory that juts out from north Germany and divides the North Sea from the Baltic, to them belongs not all the debt; for I shall find something of the beginnings among an older people than the Teutons, namely, the Celts.

While much in the growth of a people is but the working out of ideas, and intuitions, you may say, planted in the breast of man by his maker, something of that growth is due to physical environment. As a stream is shallow or deep, narrow and swift or broad and sluggish, clean and beautiful or muddy and repulsive, straight or tortuous in its windings, according to the topography of the country through which it passes and the character of its soil, so must the life of a people be earnest or frivolous, liberty-loving or indifferent, progressive or slothful, quick, intelligent and enterprising or heavy, ignorant and slothful, according to the physical conditions of climate, soil and situation.

As steps that led up to Magna Charta we have no right to overlook the steps the Almighty himself took for the

Englishman in building for him a home fitted to become the home of a liberty loving, intelligent, aggressive, prosperous people! Witness, its mountainous western coast and its rich lowlands to the east, its back turned to the ocean, its face to Europe; cut off from a further western march the rolling waves of invasion break upon its mountain barriers and perforce must settle, and what is more must fight,—must settle because further advance is physically impossible,—must fight because the pressing tide of newcomers must push them into the ocean or itself retire. In time this condition produced a “home feeling” which grew into pride of ancestry, of home, of country, without which no people can hope to become a nation, in the true sense of the term. With its face toward Europe, isolated from Europe and yet a part of it, with perfect natural boundaries to curb ambition and to check the greed of others, with rocky coasts in the main as natural defenses, the home of the Englishman becomes, by the very argument of necessity, a compact whole, with the strong arm of nature as her defender. Compelled thus, even if indeed the spirit of her people, inherited from the first comers did not compel her, England became the great sea going, commercial nation, mistress of the sea and ruler of one-fourth of the inhabitable globe. Her climate (in a latitude the same as that of Labrador, yet by reason of the Gulf stream as temperate as our Gulf states) enabled her to produce a race of people at once hardy, industrious, independent, at the same time lovers of art and of learning. Her mountains have been the unconquerable fastnesses within which the conservative energies of the past have lived to temper the

rashness of zeal. Within these rocky fortresses the traditions of former years, the unconquered spirit of the early Celt have lived on,—a silent but powerful force in all time against oppressive as well as inane government. Former kings lived in terror of these mountain peoples whose frequent incursions brought the English crown to its senses on many an occasion; while in later years the sturdy common sense of the men of these districts has proved the balance-wheel to the government.

Had England been an unbroken plain, her history would have been far different. Had she been a part of the Continent, Philip of Spain would not have lost his invincible fleet upon her rock-bound coasts and the majestic name of Napoleon might have shone forth in the annals of England's Kings; had her climate been what her latitude would naturally give her, her commercial and political history had been far different.

In the making of *Magna Charta* let us therefore not forget that the hand of God, in the mysterious ways in which He has worked through all ages, prepared for Englishmen a heritage worth their pains to win and to hold.

The history of England up to *Magna Charta* I divide into four periods: First, the Celtic—from the dawn of history to the Roman Conquest, 55 B. C. Second, the Roman—from 55 B. C. to the Anglo Saxon in 437. Third, the Anglo Saxon—from the invasion to the Norman in 1066. Fourth, the Norman—from the Norman invasion to the Charter 1215.

[The speaker here quickly traces the early centuries of English History. This part we omit.]

From steps more remote we now come to such as are nearer—to some whose sound is in no ways uncertain. Now we can hear the steady tramp of progress; and our heart quickens, as history begins to unfold itself and man begins to rise in his real dignity and assert his rights—not as a class—not as Lords—but as man. It now begins to look as if manhood after all is to stand for something in England and that there are some things the property of man as man that even a King of England must respect. Streaks of grey fall across the sky in the early morning of the thirteenth century that to our eager expectant gaze betoken the break of a new day; sounds come up from city, hamlet and country places, from castle and cloister, from the wretched abode of the ignorant rabble and the halls of the University, from highland and lowland, from men burdened, distracted, crushed,—sounds that are ominously near and heavy with meaning.

The first of these nearer signs I will name is the growing distrust, amounting to hatred, of foreign influences in the “high places” of England. From 1066, when William the Conqueror landed in England, to the time of John, about 1200 (a period of about 140 years), England had been under the rule of alien kings. These kings gave themselves generally to a more or less wise government, the great mass of the common people remaining aloof from the Norman nobles who came into possession of the castles and places of honor and dignity. By the time of the accession of Henry II. the Norman and the foreign elements had

been fairly well assimilated, and England had become thoroughly English. Norman speech, Norman customs, Norman manners, were swallowed up, and out of the one hundred years of Norman rule had sprung up a new England, an England strong in her attachment for purely English customs and traditions.

Treasure and blood had been poured out in continuous efforts to hold the French possessions of the Norman Kings, but not till the accession of the Angevin Kings, Henry II., Richard, and John, did the people wake to the realization that England was but a treasure house from which gold could be drawn for wars across the channel. A rude awakening it was, too, when, after generations had spent their best efforts at the bidding of foreign-born Kings in holding these French provinces, King John lost Normandy and came home stripped of every foot of French soil. Was it for this that Englishmen had fought—for this they had suffered loss of estate and honor?

But out of it, as indeed often out of the darkest seeming misfortunes come the best of blessings, came a glorious day for England. England's King must henceforth live at home, must know his subjects, must hear their cries, must touch their lives, must see their condition. No more residing abroad, no more flying visits to England to whip into submission recalcitrant nobles, no more foreign nobles quartered in every manor; from henceforth England's King must take a responsibility unknown to him before.

A common English feeling, a common hatred of foreign

rule and influence, brought an immense outburst of material and intellectual activity. John found himself face to face with this new English people—a nation quickened with a new life and throbbing with a new energy.

Again: A new fervor of study sprang up in the west from its contact throughout the Crusades with the more cultured east. Travelers brought back the rudiments of science from the schools of Cordova and Bagdad. The study of the Roman law was revived. Wandering teachers spread the new learning. The same spirit of restlessness, of inquiry, of impatience at the traditions that drove half of Christendom to the tomb of our Lord, drove thousands to centers where teachers could be found. Oxford in the beginning of the 13th century took rank with the greatest schools of the eastern world. The feudal and ecclesiastical order of the old mediaeval world were both alike threatened by the power that had so strangely sprung up in their midst. Unlike feudalism, the University was a protest against the isolation of man from man. Wealth, physical strength, pride of ancestry, the very grounds on which feudal society rested, went for nothing in the lecture room. The University was a state absolutely self governed, whose citizens were admitted by a purely intellectual franchise; all had an equal right to counsel in this free commonwealth, and all had an equal vote; their voices named every officer, proposed and sanctioned every statute; even the chancellor became an elected officer of their own. This democratic institution threatened feudalism.

Again: The English town in early days was only a more thickly populated part of the country and governed the same as were the townships around it. The obligations of the inhabitants were the same: to keep fence and trench in good repairs, to send a contingent to the wars, and to the reeve, and four men to the hundred and the shire court. The landless man who dwelt within it had no share in the corporate life; the rule of the borough lay in the hands of its own freemen gathered in "borough-moot." But with the Danish wars came a change: Each man came to have a "lord," and the borough came into the hands of great thegns; a new officer, the King's reeve was appointed, who collected the lord's dues, and justice and government lay wholly in the lord's hands, he recovering the fines and forfeitures, the fees and tolls of the markets and fairs. But when once these were paid and the services rendered, the English townsman was practically free.

But here comes a change in the constitution of the town's social condition in the way of Merchant Guilds, which form another long step to Magna Charta. These Guilds grew out of those principles of mutual aid and mutual restraint that lay at the basis of our old institutions. There was the oath of mutual fidelity; the monthly feast that bound together the new artificial family, which was to give rise to a mutual responsibility unknown before. "Let all share the same lot," ran its laws; "if any misdo, let all bear it." On the other hand the wrongdoer was responsible to his fellows, as they were to the state, for order and obedience to the laws. By a gradual coalescing of these Guilds,

powerful influences obtained a place in every considerable town and city. This inevitably brought about great changes in municipal institutions. The body of citizens in towns is soon found to be legislating in matters of internal trade. At a later stage we find the citizens petitioning the King for special privileges as, rights of coinage, fairs, exemptions from tolls, etc.

Thus is going on a peaceful revolution, services disappearing, privileges and immunities growing. In the silent growth of the English people the boroughs thus lead the way; across ages of oppression they bring the right of self-government, the right of free speech in free meetings, the right to equal justice at the hands of one's equals.

The Charter that Henry granted to London became a model for lesser boroughs: The King yielded to its citizens the right of justice; each townsman could claim to be tried by his fellow-townsman in the town court.

At the time of the Great Charter the larger towns had secured the privilege of self-government, the administration of justice, and the control of their own trade, and were beginning to acquire the right of electing their own magistrates: But the mass of the citizens, the serfs, the landless poor, the artisans, had no part in the actual life of the town. The distance between the landed burghers who had a monopoly of trade with wealth and the artisan class tended to widen. There arose a distinction between the higher and lower classes of trades bringing about the Merchant Guild as the name of the former, and the Craft-Guild as that of the latter. As time went on, however, the Craft-Guild in numbers and influence obtained the superior place

and influence and this struggle of the few "greater folk" against the mass of the inhabitants marks the great civic revolutions of the 13th and 14th centuries. It was in this strife (secret for the greater part) between the Craft-Guild and the upper or aristocratic Merchant-Guild that the common people learned to wage a war against oppression that made them a potent factor in the "baron's war" that wrested Magna Charta from King John.

Another step was the growing tendency to commute labor-service, which grew out of the feudal system, for money payments.

The population was increasing, the law of gavel-kind divided the inheritance of the tenantry equally among the sons so that the holding of each tenant and the services due from it became divided in a corresponding degree; a labor rent became difficult for this reason to enforce, while the increase of wealth among the tenantry and the rise of a spirit of independence made it more burdensome to those who rendered it. This process was hastened by the necessities of the lords themselves. In it even the kings took part. Kings and nobles, driven by the luxury of the castle hall, the cost of foreign campaigns, the splendor of chivalry, offered manumission for money. Thus by many roads were Englishmen coming to the point of liberty; thus were the people growing into national unity and national vigor.

The loss of Normandy, as we have said, was a sudden blow to English pride. It brought home King John; he had yet to get acquainted with his people; his predecessor,

Richard, had visited them but twice and but for a few months; Henry II. had been absent for years. Little did John know the temper of the new England, as he stepped upon English soil disgraced by his defeat.

The story of the reign of this miserable sovereign is soon told and in that story we may find some of the more potent causes of Magna Charta. John himself was his own worst enemy. "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." Thus spake his contemporaries.

Quick, clever, social, industrious, fond of men of learning, yet in his heart lay insolence, selfishness, unbridled lust, cruelty, tyranny, superstition and cynical indifference to honor and truth. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." A traitor to his father, a traitor to his brother, a traitor to his wife, a traitor to his people, a traitor to his God! And yet (strange mingling) vigorous and able!

He returned from France, on the loss of Normandy and with tremendous energy set about the repair of his fortunes: In the summer of 1205 a new army is ready; but not yet can he start; two men, one a representative of the church class, another of the baron class, protest. Why? A son of Henry II., before whom Church and Baron had fallen in abject submission, live to witness a spirit of insolent freedom rising round him? Not so; he braces himself against it. Death stops the opposition of the Primate, and John, quick of purpose, sees to it that his tool, John de Grey, is enthroned as Primate, but not without opposition, for, at an informal meeting of the convent previously called,

another, in the person of Reginald, is chosen. The rival claimants to the Primacy appeal to Rome. The Pope quashes both elections and orders the monks in his presence to choose Stephen Langton. Here was usurpation of the rights of king and church. The King protests; he does more, he threatens. The Pope threatens an interdict; John threatens the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian found on English soil. The priests refuse the King's tax demands; John banishes their Archbishop and extorts the money. The Pope thunders out his interdict; Church bells are silent and the dead lay unburied. The Church, the main prop of royalty against the people, is driven to open opposition. John cares not for all these. He confiscates the church lands. The Pope excommunicates the King. Churchmen who in obedience thereto shun the King, are murdered or banished. The King stands alone, the nobles and the Church against him. He promises, on his election, to satisfy the demands of the nobles and right their wrongs. This promise he breaks. He seizes their castles and carries away their children as hostages. War brings taxation and the loss of Normandy deepens the wound. In 1212 the Pope issues a bull of deposition and proclaims John an enemy of Christendom. Surrounding nations fly to arms and the barons of England to a man enter into secret conspiracies. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, with Ireland, with Wales,—at war with the Church!

With characteristic suddenness he gives way. By remission of fines he tries to win the people; he negotiates with

the people; receives Langton; promises to restore money extorted from the Church; and on the 15th of May, 1213, to crown his shame, he kneels before the Papal legate, surrenders his kingdom to the Holy See, and takes it back again as a tributary vassal. The whole country murmurs. The Barons still hold aloof. John calls upon them to follow him over the sea for an attack on Philip—and they refuse. Furious, John marches against them. A new antagonist appears in the person of the Justiciar, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter.

At a gathering of a Council at St. Albans in August, 1213, for the purpose of assessing the damages to the Church, Geoffrey promises in the King's name good government, forbids extortion, pledges the King's peace to all and the observance of the laws of Henry I. The Pledges of Henry I. had long been forgotten when the Justiciar brought them to light.

Stephen Langton, from the first a champion of English freedom, sees the vast importance of the precedent. At the close of August he produces Henry's charter in a gathering of Barons at St. Paul's and it is at once welcomed as a basis for the needed reform. Then he hastens to the King and gets his promise not to enter into strife with the baronage but to bring the dispute to legal judgment. In October the King returns to London, where his Justiciar lays before him the claims of the Councils of St. Albans and St. Paul's. At this juncture the Justiciar dies and John cries out, "Now, by God's feet, I am for the first time

King and Lord of England." But let us see: Langton comes forward and demands the King's assent to the Charter of Henry I.; the reading of that Charter has awakened a tremendous enthusiasm among the baronage. No more do we hear of secret scheming; now there is open, united, definite claims of national freedom and national law. John delays; he must win back his French possession; he crosses to the continent, wins battle after battle, only to return later to his Island home, defeated and humiliated. Now is the people's chance. "Refuse to restore our liberties and we swear to make war on you till they are restored." Further delay ensues, till finally the memorable year of 1215 is ushered in to the accompaniment of armed men marching to a common center to lay their demands before the King. John is caught by surprise; he asks for a truce; he hesitates; he dodges; he offers freedom to the Church; he offers to head a crusade. "Why do they ask for my kingdom? I will never grant such liberties to make me a slave!" He refuses and the country rises as one man. London, Exeter, Lincoln, throw open their gates to the barons. Promises of aid come from Scotland and Wales. John bows to the necessity; calls the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames near a marshy meadow by the riverside, the meadow of Runnymede; on the 15th of July they meet; the great Charter is discussed and agreed to in a single day.

A proud day for Englishmen, and yet there was nothing new in that sacred document, now gazed at with reverence

by the whole English speaking race. Then why this reverence? Because, though copying, in the main, the Charter of Henry I. and incorporating little else than the reforms under Henry II., it came as a treaty (though in form a grant) of a nation—a united community—a nation composed not of nobles or of class as distinguished from class, but of Englishmen—with its sovereign. It is here that national patriotism and national sympathy gets its first decided, self assertive impulse. It is to this that the thirteen centuries, which we have so faintly outlined, have been groping in unconscious obedience to the purpose of Almighty God. The words of Magna Charta fall upon the ear of the earnest student of history with a grandeur and a solemnity that must have awed the people of Israel in the “Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not covet.” None the less the voice of God are the words of the Great Charter, because wrung from a despot by a suffering people. They were not written upon tablets of stone and delivered amid the thunders of Sinai—but they come in a way infinitely more wonderful and written upon the hearts and consciences of men with the blood and tears of centuries. In the forty years in the wilderness, Moses was required to bring back the people to the memories of Sinai by exhibiting before them the tables of stone; so in the past seven hundred years the English people and all who lay claim to English liberties have had in their wanderings to have brought before them from time to time visions of this old Charter of King John.

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By your kindness it is my privilege to address this, the largest and most influential law students' society in America, on "The steps that led up to Magna Charta." No law student can be indifferent to this subject. You will pardon me if I express the hope that no law student before me is attempting the study of the Common Law without a previous, or at least an accompanying, study of English History—and by English History I do not mean the recitals of mere intrigues, battles, and coronations, but the history of the people themselves,—the life of the masses,—the struggle for education, for freedom of religious worship, for the right to possess, enjoy and dispose of honestly acquired property; for the right to buy and sell, to regulate local affairs, and to have a representative voice in the law making, the law interpreting, and the law executing.

The mere learning of *ita est scripta*, the mere memorizing of the principles of modern law and the leading exceptions, coupled with a fair ability to apply these principles to cases in hand, may make a tolerable lawyer. Men may win cases by sheer force of lung power, by tricks of action and rhetoric, by knowledge of the hidden springs, the touching of which with adroit fingers produce desired results with judges and juries. Men may, parrot-like, repeat verbatim the words of statutes and decisions and we may call them lawyers. God save the mark if this is all! I ask you not to be satisfied with the letter of the law, but to drink deep of its spirit. Learn to love the law by living over the struggles in its behalf. Make yourself one with the men of all time who have drawn cross-bow, battle-axe, spear,

and musket, to establish it. Suffer with them spoliation of house and field that a magnificent despot might lead their sons to useless and wicked war. Suffer with them the humiliation of serfdom while the land that they and their fathers bought with the best blood of Europe is made the football of wicked despots and designing courtesans.

Learn the value of these principles which you are studying, by knowing what it has cost to establish them. You will then come from the study of history to your law-books as the Levite approached the Temple Altar.

“Put off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

THE MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

A TOAST TO "FRATERNITY," DELIVERED AT THE INAUGURAL BANQUET OF THE MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION OF THE BETA THETA PI COLLEGE FRATERNITY, AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, IN 1884.

Brothers of the Beta Theta Pi:

You have proposed a toast to the Minnesota Association. I may say, the Minnesota Association speaks for itself. The fact that out of 25 Betas scattered throughout this State 17 have come to this first meeting and banquet is an eloquent response in itself to this sentiment.

I can perhaps do no better this evening in responding to this toast than to make you acquainted with the personnel of our organization, and to outline to you its purposes and plans. First, let me say that the spirit of our fraternity is progress. From the time of its cradling in an obscure Ohio college, nearly fifty years ago, activity, enterprise, constant progress has characterized its career. It has leaped the bounds of sectionalism. It owes allegiance to no section, no party, no creed. In its infancy, it converted Ohio and Indiana, body and soul, so that to-day no man in those two states has a show in this world,—and I was about to add, the next—unless once he has tasted the Pierian spring of Betaism, and romped in childhood about

the knee of "Father Wooglin." Ohio's next governor is a Beta. Indiana has had a Beta governor ever since the dawn of history. Both of her Senators, the tall sycamore of the Wabash, Daniel Voorhies, and Fighting Joe McDonald are Betas. Her distinguished ex-Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax, Postmaster General Gresham and Dr. Theophilus Parvin are Betas. Her old war governor and able Senator, now dead, Oliver P. Morton, was a Beta, and doubtless is yet. The next President of the United States, if a Democrat, will come from Ohio or Indiana, and the only men in those two States who have any chance for that place on that ticket are Geo. Hoagley, Durbin Ward, Gen. Gresham and Senator McDonald,—all Betas.

Beta Theta Pi early planted herself in a half a dozen southern colleges; and these chapters the troublous times of the war failed to exterminate. During the last decade, Alpha Sigma Chi glided into the harbor of Betaism. Beta Theta Pi to-day shows a strong and determined front, amid the powerful eastern fraternities, at Harvard, Brown, Boston, Maine State, Union, Stevens' Institute, Columbia, Rutgers, Cornell, St. Lawrence, Madison, Amherst and Johns Hopkins.

Not content with victories in the eastern and southern and middle States, Beta Theta Pi has followed Horace Greeley's advice, and captured Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas,—yes, has followed civilization to the Golden Gate, and there established "Omega," a chapter which successfully fought a supreme court, and is to-day, though drawing its life-blood from a source thousands of miles away, yet the rosiest cheeked "chap" among the young chapters.

Not content with conquests that have made her the only truly national college fraternity, she has elevated the tone and dignity of her organization and membership, till the fraternity world places her among the three best fraternities, and the one of those three best calculated to increase in usefulness and power. Her national conventions are gatherings of her representative men from all sections, whose deliberations are watched with interest by all fraternities. She was the first to move in the matter of a "pan-Hellenic Council." She was the first to fling to the light of a suspicious and jealous public, her constitution. Her journal is in the front rank of fraternity journalism. Unlike many of her rivals, she has never yielded to the pernicious custom of electing merely honorary members, and has virtually discarded that equally pernicious custom of initiating "preps." Such, in brief, is the position Beta Theta Pi occupies to-day; and I desire those who have not kept the run of fraternity matters for some years, who have allowed the finger of time to erase some good things from their memories, who have allowed the dust of worldly strife to accumulate upon some old pictures in their mind's gallery—I desire these brothers to open their eyes to the fact, that while they have been sleeping, something has happened. Beta Theta Pi has been making men presidents, senators, legislators, judges,—a few lawyers and other such rubbish. She has been girdling the continent with links of fraternity, has whipped two supreme courts and forever, as long as time shall last, at least during good behavior, she has the drop on the United States Supreme Court by numbering

among her members three of the Supreme Court judges,—Matthews, Harlan and Woods: but I do not desire you to think so highly of our Beta Theta Pi, but that one very large corner of your heart will be left for the Minnesota Association, to whose members I now give you a formal introduction.

[Here followed brief personal allusions.]

The Minnesota Association, gentlemen, is an established fact. It has to-night formally taken its place among the great events of history and will “go down” with the rest. What it may accomplish in the future may be judged from its brief but brilliant past. But a few weeks ago a small company of men, strangers to one another, met to take measures for organizing this State Association. Hardly any three of those who sit before me had at that time an acquaintance with one another. Since then the heaven has been at work, and to-night we clasp fraternal hands and meet no more as strangers. What in the future this Association may do in strengthening this friendship, in welcoming to our State others who will come, in affording a channel by which we can communicate with the general fraternity, in opening to our eyes the growth and importance of Beta Theta Pi, I leave for you to conjecture.

I need not say that no organization can long continue which depends for its support alone upon its officers. Each of us has a place and a duty, and yet Beta Theta Pi adds no new duties to our lives. We are all bound by that greatest of all laws, to love our neighbors as ourselves,—a law written in the Book, in nature, and in every man's

conscience. Beta Theta Pi teaches this great truth. Your allegiance to her does not bid you take poison or hug a snake to your bosom, but it teaches, and the lesson is worth the learning, that there are fewer snakes than we are wont to think. A man grows rusty and sour from isolation; he should gather closer about him his circle of friends. He should not burrow into his business and draw after him his petty possessions—viewing the world as through a knot hole; it is such men who scowl at fraternities,—lean, sour, moldy, disappointed men—to whom friendship and brotherhood are obsolete words, coined for fools and the weak-minded. To such men, you and I are only useful to the extent that we may render them a service. The word fraternity should be to us a grand word,—not only to college boys, but for mature men. It is the word that is to banish discord the world over. That word once grasped in all its meaning, and wars will cease.

Fraternity, then, is the force that is to bind together this Association. Its coherency depends upon no laws, and upon no outward force, but upon the spirit of its membership. Our meetings must be held at long intervals, and our organization will have few outward signs of life, yet the interests and purposes of the Minnesota Association of Beta Theta Pi will be fully subserved, if the principles of fraternity find a lodgment in every heart and an exemplification in every life.

ADDRESS TO NEWSBOYS.

*ADDRESS DELIVERED SUNDAY EVENING, MAR. 6, 1898,
TO THE DETROIT NEWSBOYS' ASSOCIATION
AND THEIR FRIENDS.*

Mr. Chairman, Newsboys, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I must come before you with an apology. I know that apologies are distasteful to boys. If there is anything that a boy does not like to do himself, it is to apologize, and he admires it just as much in another. However, your chairman has placed me in an embarrassing position. He has introduced me as one of your friends. You may judge how much of a friend I am when I tell you that this is the first time that I have met with you. I must therefore apologize for not being the friend that I should have been, and sort of take back the apology by saying that I have been your friend at a distance; I have known of your work and been interested in it, as have all other citizens of our good city; I have been proud of the strength and influence of your organization; I have always been proud of the kind of boys who sell papers on our streets and I have often said that I thought the newsboys of Detroit were the best behaved and best regulated set of little youngsters in the world. I know, now, that you will accept my apology.

I am interested in boys; first, because I was once a boy myself, and that, too, not very long ago, and second, because I own a boy of my own. You may not be particularly interested in my boyhood, but I am going to say that I started in

life as a merchant at the tender age of nine. I kept store in my father's barn, and stocked it with all kinds of things from my mother's pantry; I bought eggs from the neighbors' boys, paying for them at the rate of one cent each, and sold them to my mother at two cents each, making, as you will see, a good round profit. I had a setting hen which was about to come "off her perch" with a brood of chicks, when one day there appeared in my store a lad bearing thirteen nice, fresh eggs, for which I paid him one cent apiece. I sold them to my mother, but she never used them, the discovery having been made that my hen had lost her eggs. My father concluded that I was not shrewd enough for a mercantile career so I closed up shop,—made an assignment, as it were. I then went into the chicken business, and the height of my ambition was to be a successful poultry-man. In order that my business might be conducted systematically and successfully, I obtained from a merchant one of his old ledgers,—such a one as you have seen in the counting rooms of the big merchants on Jefferson avenue. I opened a ledger account with every hen, putting at the head of each page the name of a hen, and then I spent my time watching the hens lay and crediting each hen with the number of eggs she produced. You will therefore see that I have had considerable business experience in mercantile and manufacturing lines, so that I may well be interested in you young merchants.

I have been somewhat troubled to know just what to say to you. From the newspapers in the past years I have gathered that the average speaker who comes before you tells you to be good, to be honest, to be true, not to swear, lie,

cheat, or steal, but love your little brothers and sisters, and obey your fathers and mothers. All of this is very good, but I imagine that it grows a little tiresome to you, so I thought I would not preach you any sermons. I suppose, too, that you have had told to you the stories of all the little boys who have become great men, and were I to begin telling you about a boy who walked down the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm, you would immediately sing out, Benjamin Franklin; and were I to start to say something about a canal boat you would shout, Garfield; and were I to say anything about splitting rails you would cry out, Lincoln; and if I were to say anything about hatchets and cherry trees you would all sing out, Washington; so I would have a serious time making up a speech about great little boys who became great men.

I will have to take some text, however, so I will talk to you a few moments on "Find Out What You Are Good For."

You know, of course, that on every ship that sails the seas there is carried a needle which is guarded with the greatest care ("the compass"—many voices). That is right, and it points always in one direction—to one star ("North star"—many voices). Correct! No matter which way the ship is going, no matter whether the sea be calm or rough, peaceful or stormy, that needle always points to the north. Now, in every little boy, if we could but know it and could see it, there is way down deep, a little needle that points to his destiny. Every little boy before me was created for some purpose in life, and I have come to tell you that it is the duty of every little fellow here, and it is also the duty of every little

fellow's father and mother, to find out just in what direction that needle points. In some instances it is very hard to find this out; in other instances it is very easy. It is not very hard to find out what that little boy is good for who just a moment ago spoke to you from this stage; that little boy has a wonderful memory, and a wonderful command of language, and would make an orator; the needle points in that direction just as surely as does the compass needle point to the north. There is not one boy in a hundred thousand that could do what he has just done. He will be untrue to himself, untrue to his friends, untrue to his Maker, unless he develops that wonderful talent that he has. That little girl who just sang to you has a beautiful voice, uncultivated but naturally sweet and resonant. If cultivated she can sometime surprise and delight thousands of men and women just as she has delighted a few hundred boys and girls to-night. She will do wrong if she does not recognize the direction in which her needle points, and her parents, if she has parents, will do wrong if they do not make every effort in their power to cultivate and bring to its fullest fruition the gift that God has planted in her. But with most of these boys and girls it is very difficult to find out just what they are good for. How many hundreds of thousands of boys and girls grow up to be men and women without ever finding out this secret! And so there are thousands of lawyers that ought to be farmers, and, shall I say it, thousands of farmers who ought to be lawyers; lots of cooks that ought to be seamstresses, and seamstresses that ought to be cooks; artists that ought to be blacksmiths and blacksmiths that ought to be artists, etc., etc.

I am inclined to think that most boys know better than do their parents what they are good for. Very often a little boy has a capacity for improvement in certain lines and he does not get that instruction because his parents want him to be something else, something other than he wants to be or ought to be. Little boys are repressed and held in and turned away from things which they naturally do well, and are compelled to do things which they can never do other than poorly, and which God never intended they should do.

Let me tell you a story about a man of whom perhaps you never heard. His name was Thomas Edward. When he was a little boy, just able to walk, he ran away from home, and when his parents and neighbors came to look for him they found him in a pig-sty fast asleep among a litter of little pigs and an old sow that was too fierce for grown people to come near. He developed a great interest in animals. He used to come into the house with his pockets full of worms, insects, snakes, frogs, crickets, and everything that he could pick up, and let them loose in the house and watch them jump about. After one escapade like this his mother tied him to the leg of a table, and when her back was turned he pulled the table over to the fire, and burnt off the rope, made his escape, and brought back again that night more animals to terrify the household. Then she hid his clothes and he wrapped himself up in his mother's skirt and made another expedition, this time bringing home a wasp's nest full of live wasps, which did not seem to mind him at all, and did not try to sting him. Then he was sent to school, but he did not succeed in school anybetter than he had at home, in doing what his parents wanted him to do. While the teacher was

opening the school with prayer a jackdaw peeped out of the boy's pocket and cawed lustily. The teacher sent Thomas home. He was sent to another school and a live centipede was found one day in the desk of one of the boys and the only boy who knew where it came from was Thomas Edward. And so at six years of age he was turned loose on the street without his even knowing his letters. But once out from under parental care and discipline he was free to do as he pleased, and he lived most of his time among animals. He apprenticed himself to a cobbler and learned the shoe trade, but spent only enough time every day at the bench to earn his living and the rest of his time roamed about the country picking up all manner of little animals and bringing them home and studying them. Finally, when he grew to be a man, he was the possessor of one of the most splendid collections of animals that anyone ever had. Then he made up his mind that he must learn how to read and write in order that he might tell the world about what he had learned, and so he sold four cartloads of his specimens for \$100 with which to pay a teacher to teach him to read and write. Then he began to study, arrange, classify, and write, until finally he became one of the greatest naturalists the world has ever known. Had that boy's parents and his teachers recognized which way the needle pointed in that boy they could have developed a greater naturalist than Agassiz, but they did not recognize it and so you never have heard of Thomas Edward as you might have heard of him had he been given the proper chance.

Why doesn't the father do with the boy as does the man who owns a young colt? If he discovers that the colt is

quiet and gentle of disposition, is a "nice looker" and of the proper size, and color, and all that, he says, "I will make a 'ladies' horse' out of him." So he trains him for ladies to drive. If he is a good, strong horse with big legs and muscles, he says, "I will make a draft horse out of him," and so he trains him to draw heavy loads and sells him at a big price to a man who wants him to draw a big truck; if he is a particularly intelligent horse and can do tricks, is quick to obey and showy, he says, "I will make a trick horse out of him," and he trains him to the doing of all manner of funny things and finally sells him to a show-man for a good round price and he becomes a show horse. Perhaps the colt has remarkable speed and is built to run; then he makes a race horse out of him. Not so with our boys and girls. Our parents do not study us enough; they let things go too much by chance. If we develop a fancy for music and can play a little on almost any kind of an instrument, if we love to hear music, and to make it, we are early taught that we make too much noise about the house, and we are scolded and slammed around because we are trying to do that which God intended us to do. Then we are set to work doing something which is contrary to our disposition and to our talents.

I suppose I am making you boys unruly and that you will all go home to-night and tell your parents that they don't know what is good for you; not so. I do not want to make you undutiful, but I want every one of you boys to figure out in his own mind what he is good for, and then make every effort possible in life to develop your natural talents.

In most cases, however, a boy's talent will assert itself despite obstacles, and you can usually trust a boy to bring

about what in the nature of things ought to be. Be sure, however, that you do not spoil the job, boys, by bad habits, and bad companions, and bad reading; and if you find, when you come to get a place in life, that you do not fill the place very well, and that you are not satisfied with yourself and others are not satisfied with you, don't make up your mind that you are not good for anything. Some time ago an employe was turned out of his place in one of our large mercantile houses. Going to his employer the poor fellow said, "Well, I must be good for some thing." The employer replied, "You cannot sell goods; you have tried that and you have failed." "But I can do something," he repeated. "What can you do?" said the employer. "I don't know, but I know that I can do something." Impressed with the earnestness of the young man, his employer gave him a subordinate position in the office,—that of copying work the bookkeeper gave him to do. He developed such accuracy and speed, such neatness and dispatch, in this work that he soon came to be assistant bookkeeper, and finally head bookkeeper, and at last managing partner of the great establishment. There was something that that young man could do and it was only necessary to find out what the something was in order that he might be a great success.

Now, boys, I am going to bid you good-night. You have been very patient, and you have listened to me as if you really intended to follow my advice. I have not lived very long myself, but I believe it is good advice. I am sure that I wish that every one of you might become a good and great man. In this free country of ours, you have the opportunity. You are all little patriots and love your country, as I could see

by your splendid applause when "Old Glory" was brought upon the stage, and when you sang with such heartiness the "Star Spangled Banner." I hope we shall not have war with Spain, but if we do I hope that every little newsboy in Detroit will be loyal to the flag, and if he cannot go to war he can at least shout for those who do. Whether in our bodies runs the blood of the Italian, the Irish, the German, the Pole, the Dane, the Swede, the Scotch, or the English, let us remember that we are all Americans and all for the Red, White and Blue. Good-night.

PRESENTATION SPEECH.*

Mr. President and Fellow Members:

The old adage, "troubles never come singly," has been verified, in that you are to have two speeches from me within as many months. I sincerely sympathize with you as I am sure you are not the only sufferer. My only apology must be that I have been commanded to talk to you again, and in this day of wars and rumors of wars, it behooves every man to be a soldier and obey. I some times wish that I had not been educated to the law, for to have been so educated has brought its penalty, in that I have been required to talk when I ought, and would prefer, to keep still. I presume that this requirement upon the profession is a part of the "woe unto you, lawyers" that was uttered by the Man of Galilee; and yet to show that it was not meant that utter and dire woe should always and ever follow the profession, it may be said that St. Paul was a lawyer and that in his letter to Titus he requested him to bring with him Zena, the lawyer, and to see that nothing was lacking for his comfort.

It particularly behooves us, as members of the Detroit Credit Men's Association, at this time, to be loyal in the discharge of duties put upon us by our worthy commander,

*Delivered on the occasion of the presentation of a diamond ring to D. C. Delamater, president of the Detroit Credit Men's Association, Tuesday evening, March 15th, at a banquet at the Russell House, Detroit, Mich.

as in the coming months our fidelity to the cause will be put to a severe test. I am glad to see that the indications are that our Association will not be found wanting when that time comes, though I am free to say that we shall soon need to close up our ranks and look out for stragglers and deserters. I am not sure but what our Membership Committee should look well to the recruiting office, as our force, good so far as it goes, is inadequate for the great task of caring for a National Convention composed of such men as represent the National Association of Credit Men.

In casting about in my mind for a subject on which I might address you this evening I could think of none more appropriate to the occasion than this sentiment,—“Our President—De Witt C. Delamater.”

It is a peculiarly fitting time to offer this sentiment as out of the bigness of his heart we are privileged to enjoy this season of social intercourse, in this elegant hostelry, at his expense. To say that we appreciate this delicate compliment to the Association and its members, is to express very feebly our real feelings. It is easy to be generous, open-hearted, open-handed, and friendly, when it costs nothing; but when a man voluntarily goes down into his pockets for the price of an act of courtesy and yields something of a sacrifice in order to do a kindness, it means something more. Such favors are richer and sweeter than those which pass current between man and man as matters of course, which cost no thought, no effort, no sacrifice. Like the waters that come from the deepest wells, such acts sparkle and cheer. You remember the old well in

the old home, its bucket and its windlass, and its long chain which was indeed an endless one; you recall the labored creak of the crank as you turned and turned and finally brought to the surface the sparkling treasure that, gurgling down your parched throat, was to you like the nectar of the Gods. It cost something to get it, but how infinitely purer and better it was when it touched your lips than the insipid surface water caught in barrels from the eaves, or stored in cisterns, or stagnating in little streams upon the surface. So, that courtesy and kindness which has cost its giver something is peculiarly refreshing and inspiring. Such acts are akin to those of mercy, for even though done to those whose necessities do not require them, yet their quality is not strained; they drop as the gentle rain from heaven on the place beneath; they are twice blessed, they bless him that gives and him that takes.

It is fitting therefore, that I propose to you the toast, "Our President, De Witt C. Delamater, May He Return Late to Heaven," and I ask you to drink it with me standing.

Fill with me the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine;
Give the Muse's choicest flame,
Delamater be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

This is a good time to consider one feature of our organization which we are liable to lose sight of, viz., the social

feature of it. I am aware that in this day of multiplicity of organizations, this day of hurry and bustle of social life, the majority of us have little need of an additional stimulus to sociability. The common complaint now is that social functions are crowding out the more sober and substantial things that should engage our attention, such as reading, study, self-improvement, church and family duties. I grant this, and yet I claim that there is a need of the cultivation, among credit men, of a mutual interest and a mutual regard. No class of persons needs it more. The business of the credit man is a cold, calculating, one. He stands as a sentinel on the watch-tower of the business world, requiring, from every one who approaches, a passport of good character and financial responsibility; without the talismanic word he bars the entrance. This duty makes him cold, calculating, and suspicious. By long experience he has learned to discount reputation. This habit of mind growing upon him stamps his character; it freezes the young blood in his veins, dries up the wells of his sympathy, and obliterates from his life that element of uncalculating trust and confidence, that, however disastrous it may be in business, is yet the chief charm of social intercourse.

I count it well worth the expense and effort required to maintain this organization that credit men are brought together and compelled by this means to know one another in some other relation than as business rivals and combatants. It is for this reason more than for any other, that I count this Association fortunate in having at its head a man with the qualities of heart and head that are possessed

by our President. I am glad to say that I am not the only one who has recognized in Mr. Delamater a leader worthy of our esteem and our affection. He stands head and shoulders above us all in his uniform courtesy, his kindly patience, his unswerving fidelity to our interests. Recognizing in him those noble qualities of mind and heart that deserve preferment, we at once on the organization of this Association placed him at its head, and with a unanimity, gratifying alike to him and to us, we have decreed that he shall continue as our leader during this, the third year of the Association's life. Most men would consider this a sufficient compliment, and I doubt not that our President has felt in view of this distinction a degree of satisfaction and some little re-payment for his time and thought given to the work. Members of the Association, however, have not been satisfied to let their appreciation be thus measured, for in the gift to you, Mr. President, of three terms of office, we have had a selfish motive: we chose you, not so much by way of appreciation of your character as for what you could do for us. But the old Roman Seneca says: "There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers." Permit us, therefore, to present to you a gift from which we expect no return, excepting your kindly remembrance of the men who make it and of the occasion which brings it forth. Perhaps no words are harder to utter than words such as I would speak to you as I present to you this token, not because thoughts are wanting but because the deepest sentiments are those which spring the slowest to the lips. This ring must, however, be to you a symbol. Our regard

for you shines in the light that gleams from its diamond. It knows no beginning or ending; it is therefore a continuing and hallowing pledge of that respect which we owe to you, that must continue through your life. As the gold that composes it wears away, as it must in coming years, may the hand which it graces be more and more filled with gold, which at the bidding of a generous heart shall ever open liberally as it has in the past.

"The summers may come and the summers may go,
And the winters may whiten the head with their snow,
But let no earnest of joy in the heavens above
Be more sure than that ring and its cycle of love."

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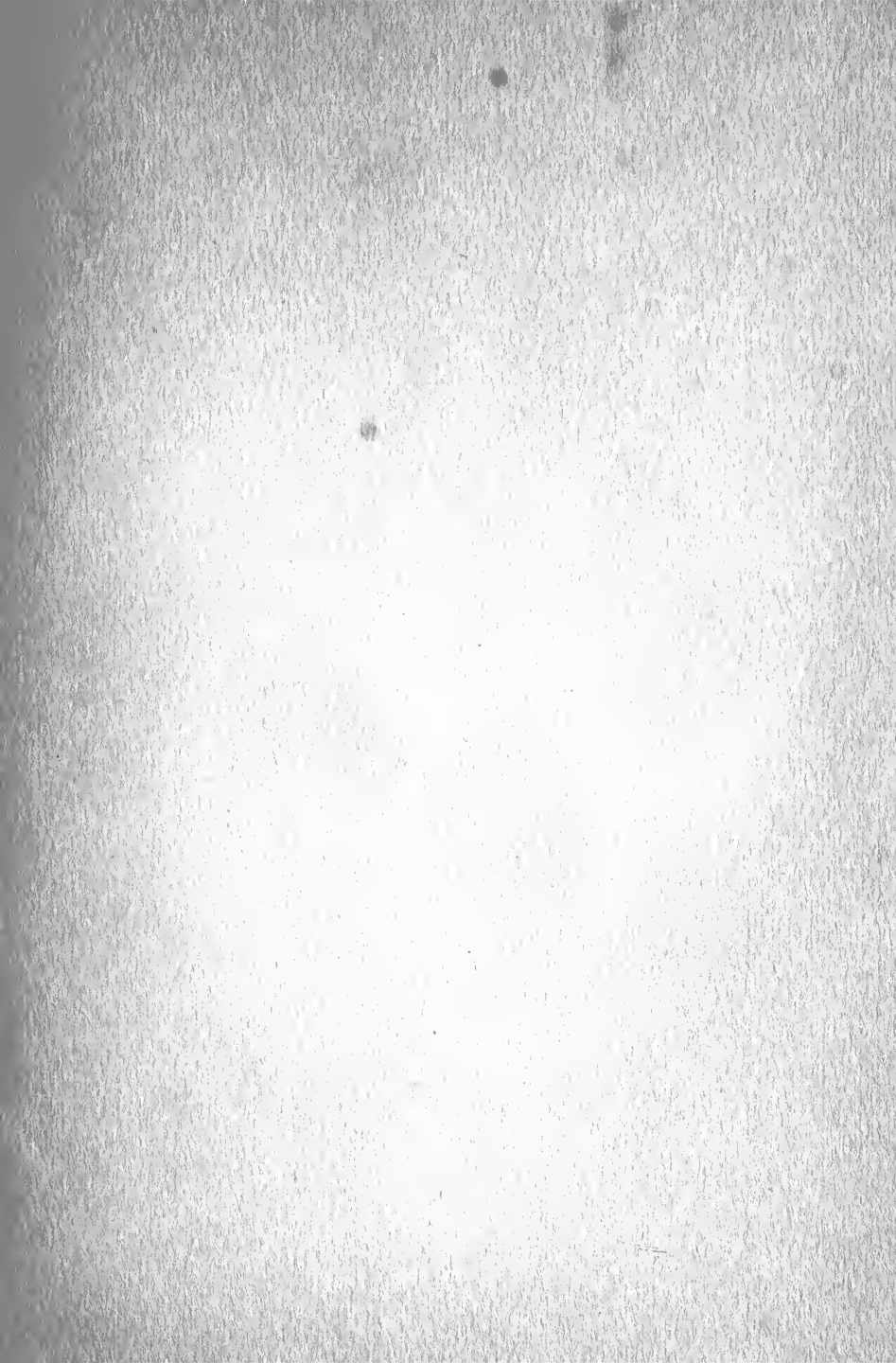
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